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SIXPENCE.



FOR ALL WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THE TRUE FAITH OF THY HOLY NAME": MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S ON DECEMBER 19.

Drawn by Mr. S. Begg.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Clearly we are in for a nice lot of jeremiads over the close of the nineteenth century. Mr. Frederic Harrison leads off in the *North American Review* with just the distempered article that might be expected from a Positivist out of humour. He indicts "Christianity at the grave of the nineteenth century," though I do not know why the indictment should come with any force from the compiler of the Positivist calendar of saints, to which, I suppose, Mr. Kruger will presently be added. Neither in the Christian religion nor in philosophy can Mr. Harrison discover any balm for his soul. "A shifty and muddle-headed kind of Spiritualism," he says, has superseded dogmatic belief and science alike. "Plain men and women turn away in disgust." Why don't they console themselves with the Positivist calendar? For I don't know how many years Mr. Harrison has been offering us a "religion of humanity" which dispenses with miraculous origins, and makes immortality a mundane memory of good deeds. Why has this not saved us from the *déjà-vu*? "Certain intelligible and rational ideas about the religious problems of Man's highest nature," says Mr. Harrison, "form the very keystone of philosophy." If we have not discovered that keystone, what has Mr. Harrison been preaching about all this while?

It is an imperfect world, and the twentieth century will probably get no nearer to setting it right than the nineteenth; but to devote your country, her religion, laws, learning, literature, and even her amusements to limbo because she refuses to believe in Mr. Kruger is a trifle unphilosophical. That is the upshot of Mr. Harrison's jeremiad. He looks upon modern life, upon "the chase after money, the rampant love of gambling, the extravagance, the coarseness, the materialistic spirit growing on all sides," and asks what the Churches have done "to purify and check all this." I might ask, "What has this Positivist high priest done?" Is it because he has left no reforming mark upon his generation that he turns and rends the other reformers? He abuses the Churches for their supposed failure, and then he cries, "Who would care if they did try? Who would believe them in earnest in doing so?" And what is the test of earnestness? Faith in Mr. Kruger! The Churches have declined to follow Mr. Harrison in the assumption that his country is engaged in a "wanton war of spoliation." This philosopher, who does not believe in any theory of Christianity, or any form of Christian worship, pictures the Boer camps ringing with "hymns of prayer and praise," and contrasts this devotion with "our own preparation for war," which is "sounded in slang from drinking-saloons, echoed back in pale and conventional litanies from the altars of the State Church."

What scorn Mr. Harrison would have heaped upon this pleading had it been employed for a cause that he rejected! How he would have stamped upon the gross cant which sets the Boer hymn against the Church litany without caring a straw for either! How he would have enjoyed the task of showing that the Boer religion, whatever its sincerity, bears little resemblance to Christianity, and that singing psalms before the battle is no more a proof of righteousness than stuffing one's pockets with bribes after the fashion of the Boer Executive! As for the "slang from the drinking-saloons," and the suggestion that it is the inspiration of the Churches—this is the rant of the mind unhinged. Mr. Harrison falls foul of the Archbishop of Canterbury for saying that battles are made by God. "Improving on the old Hebrew war-songs about the God of Battles, we are now told that the God of Mercy is the author of war, as a means of grace towards a higher morality. Why, no medicine-man, no witch-finder in Central Africa, hounding on a savage chief to exterminate a neighbouring tribe, would utter a more atrocious blasphemy." Before he wrote this, Mr. Harrison ought to have consulted Mr. Kruger, for what he calls "atrocious blasphemy" is the "keystone" of Mr. Kruger's religious system, and the prevailing theme of those "hymns of prayer and praise" that Mr. Harrison applauds. And when Paul Kruger hounded on the Basuto chief in 1857 to make war on the Free State, he was as sincerely persuaded as he is now that Heaven blessed his enterprise.

Really, a philosopher and the proprietor of a saintly calendar, which reminds me of Artemus Ward's moral wax-works, ought not to blunder into these dilemmas. But Mr. Harrison prances through the nineteenth century, bent on proving that everything has gone wrong with us. Twenty-five years ago the Queen took the title of Empress of India, and all our woes seem to date from that. Society has degenerated; literature has lost its robust originality, although Mr. Harrison's essays and lectures would fill many volumes. "The least vicious, but most vulgar, symptom of this decadence is the prevalent fondness of men and women of fashion for the slang of the gutter and the slum. Popular novels, songs, and plays are composed in the jargon current among costermongers and thieves." Indeed! Will Mr. Harrison name any popular novel or play that is composed in this jargon? As for the songs, I suppose he has a hazy notion that Albert Chevalier's sentimental costermonger who "knocked 'em in the Old Kent

Road" about ten years ago, and told us how, "down by the Welsh 'Arp, which is 'Endon wye," his sweetheart

Fancied wrinkles and a pot of ten;

"Four 'arf," I murmured, "'s good enough for me"—I say Mr. Harrison probably imagines that Mr. Henry Hawkins demoralised our "men and women of fashion." Then what does Mr. Harrison think of the "gutter and the slum," to which Dickens owed so much of the vernacular that he used so freely and so admirably? If society became decadent under the influence of Henry Hawkins, what was its moral state under the influence of Sam Weller and the Artful Dodger?

Mr. Harrison, I imagine, never reads popular novels, and never goes to the play. "The drama," he says, "runs not merely to vice, but to morbid, sneaking forms of vice, to unwholesome melodrama, to a world of smart harlots and titled debauchees." This shows complete ignorance of our theatre. According to Shakespeare, who is a better authority than Mr. Harrison, it is part of the drama's business to "show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." You cannot exclude vice from the age and body of the time. What is meant by "morbid, sneaking forms of vice" no experienced playgoer can have any idea, unless Mr. Harrison is thinking of Joseph Surface, who is certainly vicious in a sneaking way. Does that condemn "The School for Scandal," which was written, I believe, before the Queen became Empress of India? In what sense is melodrama now "unwholesome"? The two most popular melodramas in the last eighteen months were both derived from "The Three Musketeers." Is Dumas a decadent? With no qualification for writing about the stage, Mr. Harrison simply scatters random epithets. No philosophical method is cheaper. It is the easiest thing in the world to deplore "the dying down of high standards of life, of generous ideals, of healthy tastes—the recrudescence of coarse, covetous, arrogant, and braggart passions." But there is not a jot of evidence that these passions are any more conspicuous than they were in the middle of the Queen's reign, which Mr. Harrison regards as the zenith of national virtue. Read what hasty philosophers wrote about our covetousness and arrogance at the time of the first China War. Read what Tennyson wrote in "Maud" about the dishonest greed of the commercial classes, a few years earlier. Sweeping strictures upon a whole generation lose their point when you find that the debasement, supposed to be that generation's peculiar odium, has been forestalled by earlier offenders.

If I were a philosopher with Mr. Harrison's temperament, I could write a withering judgment on the brutal humours of Christmas numbers. In some American periodicals I find that the supreme joke is the mortal terror of a hunter, suddenly confronted by a beast of prey, or of an old-time colonist face to face with a bloodthirsty Indian. A gentleman with a blunderbuss is about to fire at what he imagines to be a turkey, when it rises over a ridge in the ground, and proves to be a redskin. Another gentleman, of the same simplicity, is chasing a goose in the snow. Behind him is a Choctaw with a tomahawk, and behind the Choctaw is a grizzly bear. And underneath the picture is the cynical question, "Who will get the Christmas dinner?" "Where," I should ask, if I had the Harrisonian fit, "where is the gentle humanity we associate with Christmas? What are we to think of a nation, seventy millions strong, which can take pleasure in the cruel lust of blood masquerading as a jest? The man who designed that picture revels—yes, revels—in the thought that the Choctaw will tomahawk the poor colonist and wring the neck of the goose, and that the bear will devour all three! This is what America exalts, instead of the generous ideals that gave the world the Declaration of Independence."

Take our own sprightly fancies. In a certain immortal Almanack you will behold the young man who goes fishing with his sweetheart and is very sea-sick. You will also find the French sportsman pursuing the fox, and crying, "You shall not escape me!" How can there be high standards of life in a people who gloat over the ignominy of sea-sickness, and deliberately hurt the feelings of the spirited and sensitive people across the Channel by laughing at the French foxhunter? If I were Mr. Harrison, I could spin at least ten pages of indignation on this theme; but it is a little awkward that both the sea-sick swain and the French sportsman are legacies from Leech, who drew them freely in the middle Victorian age, when there was no recrudescence of ignoble passions!

"A Happy New Century" is the popular greeting on the festive cards that make heavy burdens for the Post Office at this season. One card comes to me from Mr. George R. Sims, the ever-genial "Dagonet" of the *Referee*. It cost me many minutes of perplexity, for it is composed of pictorial emblems, which I studied with the help of strong coffee at my bedside. First there was an animal with horns, then a coin, marked "one cent," then a tree, then a sheaf of wheat. Suddenly it struck me: gnu, cent, yew, rye—the mystery was solved! A Happy New Century indeed for at least as much of it as "Dagonet" continues to enliven, and I should put that down at forty years!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

"Alice in Wonderland," though quite an old stage friend now, has never obtained more sympathetic handling than in the new Vaudeville revival. For herein we have not only all the favourite characters of Lewis Carroll's happy fancy and Tenniel's illustrations shown in bodily form and substance; nor, again, the pretty music and dances with which Mr. Slaughter enhances the charm of the story, but also a *mise-en-scène* which is exceptionally elaborate, and a heroine who, in the person of Miss Ellaline Terriss, is altogether bewitching. There was never an Alice like this one, so sincere in her wonder and enjoyment, so artistic in her singing and dancing; for Miss Terriss combines uniquely the delicious *naïveté* of a child with a trained actress's ease and gracefulness. Still, there are one or two capital bits of juvenile acting at the Vaudeville; the management has secured a delightful Dormouse, a piquant Cheshire Cat, and a dear mite who dances the hornpipe with most engaging seriousness. Indeed, there is only one drawback about the present reproduction—in order to give Mr. Seymour Hicks an opportunity of expanding his very clever study of the Mad Hatter, certain scenes and numbers have been added to the play and the score that unduly prolong the second half of Alice's amusing adventures.

"KING HENRY V.," AT THE LYCEUM.

With Messrs. Mollison and Waller's superb revival of "Henry V.," that grand epic of English patriotism, the Lyceum is itself again, and returns to the best traditions of the Irving management. Thoughtful stage-management, magnificent yet never vulgarly obtrusive spectacle, and good all-round acting restore to this theatre its renown as the home of Shakespearean representation, and make of the bard's famous "heroical biography" an interesting, nay, an inspiring, entertainment. The joint managers have treated the text respectfully but sensibly, compressing and combining scenes where necessary; while they have propitiated academic taste by reviving the Chorus (in the handsome person of Miss Lily Hanbury), and retaining its fine lyrical prologues. Their most memorable and beautiful stage-pictures represent old Southampton Quay, a grey Picardy landscape, and sunrise over the field of Agincourt. The best comic acting of the occasion comes from Mr. Mollison, a gloriously bragging Pistol; Mr. Jack Barnes, a manly Williams; and Mr. Robson, whose diminutive Fluellen possesses, at any rate, a most farcical pomposity. But Mr. Lewis Waller's royal Harry dwarfs all his companions. The martial mien, the stately presence, the quiet humour, the fiery eloquence of the warrior-king are all made evident. Considered even as a feat of sustained elocution, sonorous, emotional, musical, Mr. Waller's performance would be noteworthy; but it is something more—an impressive and arresting impersonation.

MR. BENSON'S "MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" REVIVAL AT THE COMEDY.

Ensemble has always been the grand merit of Mr. Benson's clever stock company, and rarely has it exhibited itself so agreeably as in the current revival of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." There is something refreshingly healthy about this domestic comedy. True, the inimitable Falstaff appears somewhat in his decline, and at his most villainous, but the mere hearty laughter of the two merry wives the old knight would betray would suffice to shatter all his plots, and there are, moreover, in this joyous play enough breezy and amusing characters to suggest the moral virility of the social life of Shakespeare's "Merrie England." It is this wholesome outdoor atmosphere, this keen appreciation of the joy of living, that is so well brought out at the Comedy. One could demand more humour and variety from Mr. Weir's Falstaff, less hysteria from Mrs. Benson's Dame Ford; but with a round dozen impersonations, notably with Mr. Swete's complacent Slender, Mr. Ashe's boisterous Pistol, Mr. Rodney's jealous Ford, Mr. Nicholson's quaint Welsh parson, Miss Lilian Braithwaite's really "Sweet" Anne Page, and, not least, Mr. Benson's droll and carefully detailed Dr. Caius, only the hypercritical could find fault. Plainly, the farcical is your only proper treatment of "The Merry Wives."

"THE RING MISTRESS," AT THE LYRIC.

Mr. Robert Ganthony, whose new farce Miss Kate Phillips staged at the Lyric last Thursday afternoon, should not be confused with Mr. Richard Ganthony. While the latter dramatist is the author of that delightful comedy, "A Message from Mars," the former will be remembered as a popular humorist who won some success on the stage a year or two ago with a piece called "A Brace of Partridges." "The Ring Mistress" is scarcely likely to increase its author's fame. Its main idea—the proposal of an ex-ring mistress's husband to commit bigamy with a lady whom he takes for a countess, but who turns out to be his own wife, is dismally hackneyed. And the construction and the dialogue of the piece are equally stupid and old-fashioned. Some primitive pleasantries, little distinct from sheer horse-play, some time-honoured "quick-change business," done by the would-be bigamist, some familiar dashes in and out of the hall of the customary second act hotel, served to procure a favourable reception for this caricature of Dickensian humour on the afternoon of its production. But not even the admirable acting of Mr. Robt Harwood and Miss Kate Phillips in the principal parts could render really palatable so tedious, so tasteless, and so half-baked a joke.

"CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION."

At the second representation of its second meeting the Stage Society produced at the Criterion Theatre "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," an adventure in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. The play, as was to be expected, abounded in the paradoxical and delightful absurdities which have come to be known as "Shawisms." In the present play, however, Mr. Shaw's *reductio ad absurdum* of the canons of life as commonly accepted was attained rather by action than by aphorism, a distinct dramatic advance on the author's part. Captain Brassbound, a ruffianly idealist,

whose aim in life is to mete out justice to his uncle, Sir Howard Hallam (an English judge), who has wronged Brassbound's mother, suddenly finds himself engaged by this unwitting uncle to escort him on an excursion into the Atlas Mountains. Brassbound, with "justice" (in a dual sense) within his grasp, arranges for his uncle's capture by a hostile Sheikh, but is frustrated by Lady Cicely Waynflete, Sir Howard's sister-in-law, an amiable faddist with a genius for playing Providence to everybody. Lady Cicely, admirably played by Miss Janet Achurch, rails at conventional methods, and yet is their bond slave after all, for when she woos the desperado Brassbound, and seeks to console him for the loss of one ideal by the offer of her fair self, and when Brassbound, warned by a distant gun that his ship and crew await him, quits her hastily, she exclaims, "What an escape!" And so Mr. Shaw characteristically rings down his curtain. Very clever and amusing, but caviare to the general must be the verdict on all Mr. Shaw's plays; and no doubt he would have it so. Mr. H. Norton, as Brassbound's Hooligan lieutenant, achieved an excellent character-study, as also did Mr. Granville Barker as an American naval commander. Mr. Laurence Irving, in the title rôle, seemed to overweight the earnestness of the part.

"THE GAY CITY," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The management of the Alhambra have abandoned their old traditions and permitted ballet to go by the board. It must be allowed that they have supplied excellent entertainment in its place. Nothing brighter than "The Gay City" has been seen at a variety theatre for a long time; but it is not ballet. At the Shaftesbury Theatre now, and at the Gaiety in the early days of burlesque, one saw the performances that have most in common with the Alhambra's latest departure. The scene is laid in Paris, in the grounds of the Exhibition. The dresses are always startling and often tasteful, while the electric lighting of the stage advances to a point that London has not seen before. The success of "The Gay City" is never in doubt.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

In view of the interest which Lord Roberts's return lends to the career of our leading commanders, we have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a remarkable publication of *The Illustrated London News Company*, which is ready for immediate issue. It is especially interesting at the present time, when the Commander-in-Chief returns home after his last victorious campaign. The portfolio contains eight portraits of the Generals who have borne the most prominent parts in the recent South African War, and of these the portrait of Lord Roberts is of particular interest, as it shows the Commander-in-Chief in profile. The eight portraits are beautifully pulled in colour on a Rembrandt art board, and are surrounded by a gold mount ready for framing. The other portraits are of Kitchener, Buller, Baden-Powell, Macdonald, French, Ian Hamilton, and Rundle. Only a very limited number of copies has been printed, and we therefore must request intending purchasers to place their orders without delay with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at any bookstalls. The price will be five shillings. Published Jan. 1.

OUR PHOTOGRAVURES.

We have pleasure in informing subscribers to the photogravures after Mr. S. Begg's painting of "The First Cabinet of the Twentieth Century" that they will receive their copies early in February. Our lists are still open for orders at the popular prices of one guinea for signed proofs and half-a-guinea after letters.

The following are now ready for immediate issue: "Lord Roberts at the Front," by R. Caton Woodville, 200 artist's proofs only, at £3 3s. each; "Sons of the Blood," representing the gathering of the gallant Colonials under the old flag; "The Queen Listening to a Despatch from the Front," "The Surrender of Cronje to Lord Roberts" (no artist's proofs left), "The Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace," all measuring about 30 in. by 20 in., at half-a-guinea each, a few artist's proofs at one guinea; "Fight the Good Fight," the C.I.V. at St. Paul's, price five shillings; artist's proofs, half-a-guinea. Now ready, "Bobs as Schoolmaster," an artistic reproduction in colours, from the clever drawing by Cecil Aldin, 2s. 6d. each, size 15 in. by 20 in. Illustrated price lists sent on application to Photogravure Department, 198, Strand, London, W.C.; also obtainable through all newsagents and booksellers.

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Lord Roberts's return, focusing, as it does, so many memories of the South African Campaign, will no doubt induce many of our readers to subscribe to the *édition de luxe* which we are about to publish of our Record Number of the Transvaal War. Many, we are sure, will be glad at such a moment to possess and read Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's able account of Lord Roberts's rapid success in the conduct of the war; while there is a strong personal note of interest in detailed doings of every regiment, both home and colonial, which served under him in South Africa and elsewhere. The illustrations, comprising several vivid scenes by our Special Artists at the Front as well as portraits of most of the prominent officers, find their central interest in the splendid photogravure of the hero of the hour, Lord Roberts. The *édition de luxe*, which is printed on specially made paper, will contain portraits of the principal artists, and also a portrait of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson. There will be signatures of the three most important artists who have taken part in the illustration of the book, Mr. Begg, Mr. Caton Woodville, and Mr. Melton Prior. To enhance the bibliographic interest of the publication, the issue will be strictly limited, and every copy will be numbered and signed by the Editor. As the price of this superb volume, which will be bound in half-morocco and decorated with a design specially prepared by Mr. Caton Woodville, is only one guinea, we anticipate a large demand, and must, therefore, request that intending purchasers will place their orders early with the Publisher, 198, Strand, or at all railway bookstalls. Published in the middle of January.

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Railway District - Difficulties between British and Russians

Gen. Ellis and the Russian General discussing the building of the Railway line at Tang-tai-Tsien

BRITISH AND RUSSIAN RAILWAY POLICY: GENERAL ELLIS AND THE RUSSIAN GENERAL DISCUSSING THE BUILDING OF THE LINE AT TANG-TEI.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schönberg, our Special Artist in China.



PRESENTS FOR QUEEN VICTORIA: MARKING THE TROPHIES DESTINED FOR HER MAJESTY DURING THE DISMANTLING OF THE LAMA TEMPLE AT PERING.

Sketch (Facsimile) by Mr. John Schöenberg, our Special Artist in China.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN ST. PAUL'S.

A particularly solemn service was held on Wednesday afternoon last week in memory of the soldiers and sailors who have fallen during the South African War round the colours of the Queen. The public sympathy was amply attested by the great congregation that gathered under the dome of Sir Christopher Wren. In all parts of the building the service was devoutly followed from first to last. St. Paul's is full of memorials of the heroic dead; and it was an appropriate addition to the solemnity of the occasion that within sight of the tomb of Wellington should take place this assemblage of the friends and relatives of the fallen in our greatest war waged since the days of Waterloo. Detachments of the Royal Horse Guards, the Scots Guards, and the Coldstream Guards were in attendance; and so, too, more realistically recalling the strife, were a number of men in khaki. General Trotter, commanding the Home District, and other officers, sat in front of the soldiers, together with Mr. St. John Brodriek and other representatives of the War Office. Lord Wolseley, who was also present, occupied a seat in the choir.

THE LOSS OF THE
"SANDPIPER."

Hong-Kong, as we have already noted, was visited on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9 and 10, by a typhoon surpassing in violence any which have occurred for many years. The damage to shipping and loss of life among the natives was enormous, and the full extent will probably never be known. On Saturday morning the hurricane was at its height, the centre of the storm passing within three miles of the colony. About 9 a.m. H.M.S. *Sandpiper*, one of the new river-cruisers lately sent out, was observed to be firing minute-guns and flying signals of distress. She was moored to a buoy on the northern, or mainland, side of the harbour, and the wind having shifted to the south-west, she was exposed to the full fury of the storm. In obedience to signals from the flag-ship, the *Otter* torpedo-boat destroyer, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Wilkin, left her moorings under the lee of the island, and, after fighting her way through a tremendous sea to the other side of the harbour, succeeded in ranging alongside the *Sandpiper* and picking off all her crew except one man, who fell between the two vessels and was drowned. Within a very few minutes of the rescue the *Sandpiper* went down bows first. The rescue was attended with the greatest danger, for in addition to the tremendous sea, the *Sandpiper* was surrounded by foundering junks and other wreckage, collision with which would have certainly been fatal to a vessel of such fragile build as the *Otter*. The damage was by no means confined to the *Sandpiper* and native craft: a large, full-rigged three-masted ship was driven ashore, several transports and liners dragged their anchors, a number of small steam craft were broken up, and a brand-new steam dredger just sent out from England, intended to deepen the harbour in connection with the new dockyard extension works, was capsized, and now lies bottom-up just opposite the Hong-Kong Club. From all appearances it will be a long time before she is righted again.

MEMORIES OF
ROBERTS'S JOURNEYS

Lord Roberts's first voyage in the service of the Empire was made on the *Ripon*, a steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, commanded by Captain Moresby, an ex-officer of the Indian Navy. That was in the year 1852, and Calcutta was the destination of the young cadet destined to become the Commander-in-Chief in India. Wellington was within a few months of his death at that time; but no prophet, so far as we know, recognised in the young Frederick Sleight Roberts, as he left Southampton to begin his career, the future successor of the Iron Duke in military fame, in the command at Pall Mall, and in the affections of his fellow-countrymen. He himself did not foresee his future, for he has put on record that he felt, forty-eight years ago, as if he were bidding farewell to England for ever. The going-out to India was in those days a great affair. Steamers went but once a month, and an officer was expected to have only one home-coming during his whole term of service, and not that until he had been out for ten years. No Suez Canal eased the actual passage then. At Alexandria the *Ripon's* passengers were hurried on board a large-masted canal-boat, shaped like a Nile dahabeah, which was

towed for ten hours up the Mahmoudieh Canal until Atfieh was reached. Thence a steamer carried the party on to Cairo, where Shepherd's Hotel offered rest, and the bazaars a picturesque scene, which was then also a novel one to Lord Roberts. Two days later a conveyance resembling a bathing-machine bore the passengers—six to each vehicle—for ninety miles across the desert, at the end of which journey of eighteen hours they found themselves at Suez, and on board the *Oriental*. Calcutta was reached, after a six weeks' voyage, on April 1, 1853.

The *Canada*, in which Lord Roberts returns from South Africa, is a Dominion Line boat, fitted with all the improvements which represent half-a-century's application of the inventive talent of mankind. The Commander-in-Chief went on board the *Canada* at Durban on Dec. 5, to proceed

say nothing of the Grand Canal. There is to be an entrance to the Lodge from the Park; and the Lodge grounds will be made common property with the Park, to the opening up of an uninterrupted view of the chestnut avenue which stretches towards Macartney House. Perhaps the County Council, having done so much for the benefit of the neighbourhood, will some day extend the boon to Larger London by increasing, on its own account, the facilities for river traffic.

THE IRISH GUARDS.

London has given its welcome to the Irish Guards, and no wonder. They are a novelty, and therefore an attraction; and that is not all. They have been instituted by the Queen, and they commemorate deeds of bravery done by their fellow-countrymen in the course of the South African War. With no better introduction and recommendation could they come to the capital of the Empire. They have the further advantage of being picked men; and if their uniform, with its show of green in the cap, does not please all critics, that need excite no surprise. New fashions in uniforms are always received with coldness; and even the Victoria Cross, when its design was first shown, was denounced for its ugliness. Time and custom do their work of reconciliation unerringly. Meanwhile the Irish Guards at Chelsea can always count on the admiring curiosity of the Englishman in the street.

AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

The Joint Note of the Powers, the provisions of which have already been made public, has now gone forth with the signatures of the representatives of all the European Governments. Mr. Conger's adhesion was temporarily withheld in obedience to orders from Washington; but this need not mean more than the constitutional inability of American envoys to take part in arrangements of State, even with the President's approval, unless they have first been formally sanctioned by the Senate. The newest draft from the Powers contains the statement that no time-limit can be set on the occupation of Peking and its neighbourhood by the Allied troops.

The health of Li-Hung-Chang has been a topic since the date of his visit to General Chaffee, when he caught cold and had a threat of pleurisy. With all his inadequacies, Li-Hung-Chang would be badly missed by his country at this moment; for he is one of the few prominent personages of China who know the full force of European public opinion. The ideas of backstairs government and negotiation, firmly rooted in the minds of the governing classes in the East, are known by him to be of little or no weight when England or France or Germany is concerned. Meanwhile, another open port has been declared by the local Viceroy—the port of Outchang. One interesting figure has returned from China—Monsieur Favier, whose arrival in France has been timely. For he found that already rumours had reached the French

capital to the discredit of the missionaries who had stood all the horrors of the siege in Peking. These missionaries, it was said, had taken part in plundering operations. The real facts have now been made known. The missionaries having five thousand native Christians to feed, Monsieur Favier asked M. Pichon's permission to take what wheat, clothes, and money should be found, on the understanding that an exact account should be kept, and that the sum involved should be settled at a later date. M. Pichon, recognising the necessity of the arrangement, gave it his full approval and consent.

From all this the Chinese Government seems to be learning at last that lip-service no longer avails. One of our illustrations, showing a party of Chinese official troops serving with the Allies, gives hopes of much better things. Almost equally interesting, in its associations, is the group of the Indian troops now serving in China with the Queen's colours. A unique cosmopolitanism is further illustrated by views of German soldiers displaying captured Chinese flags, and of Russian officers at work with their batteries and at rest, watching from the top of Chinese grave-mounds the progress of the siege of

Peitang; and of the American, here walking with German troops, and there firing a national salute at Peking. Elsewhere we see General Ellis in conference with a Russian General on railway policy not out of reach of a good understanding; and another illustration is concerned with the destruction of the Lama Temple in Peking and the reservation of trophies for Queen Victoria. Our two pages of photographs of the Allied forces are by Mr. Max Rechnittzer, New York.

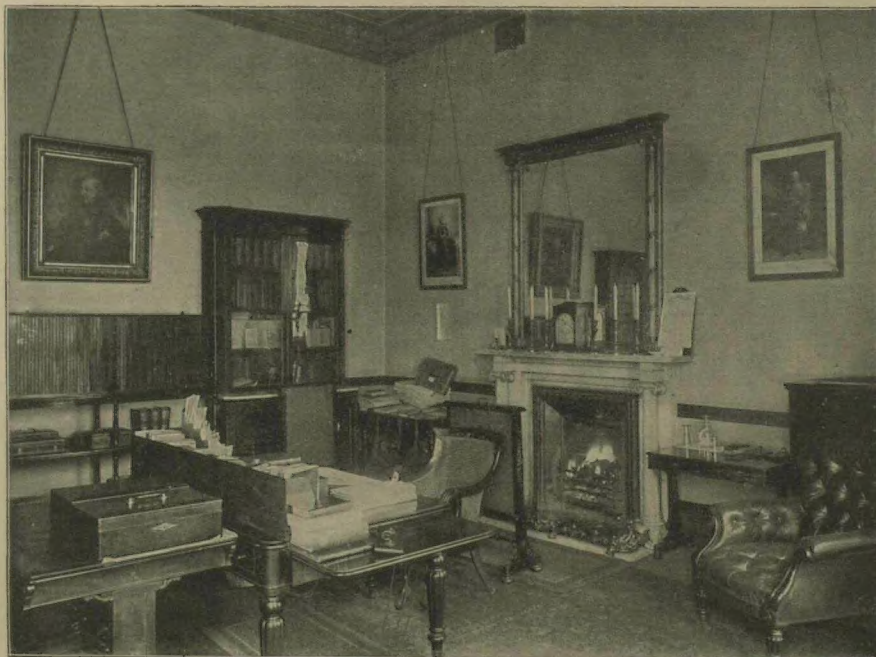


A NEW PUBLIC POSSESSION: THE RANGER'S LODGE, GREENWICH PARK,
TAKEN OVER BY THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

to Cape Town, making a call at Port Elizabeth on the way. Accompanied by Lady Roberts and their daughters, he set sail from Cape Town on the evening of Dec. 11. That last voyage now nears its end. Henceforth Lord Roberts will find at home his sphere of labour. His chair that awaits him in Pall Mall is a large one to fill. There is a common phrase about the arm-chair as a symbol of idleness; but it is not always in the saddle that the work of the world is now done. Lord Roberts brings home with him a new and great record of out-of-door achievements. But within the four walls of an office a task awaits him which is by no means the least of his life—the task of vitalising in the British army the lessons learnt during the war.

THE RANGER'S LODGE AT GREENWICH.

Little by little the influence of a democratic age tends to vest ancient buildings in the ownership of the public—



WAITING FOR ROBERTS: THE CHAIR AND DESK AT THE WAR OFFICE, VACATED BY LORD WOLSELEY.

sometimes well and wisely, sometimes not. The latest acquisition of the sort is the Ranger's Lodge at Greenwich Park, which the London County Council have taken over with undoubted advantage to the residents in the neighbourhood, and to the visitors whom the various associations and institutions of the locality attract. These are a numerous body in the summer months, and they will be indefinitely multiplied when the Thames is made as much a stream for passenger traffic as the Seine is, for instance—to

PERSONAL.

The health of the Queen, about which many rumours have been published, continues to be good. But her Majesty, at Osborne, is contriving to have a little more rest than usual. On Sunday morning she did not attend service in her private chapel; but in the afternoon was able to take a drive, despite the cold and damp weather.

Mr. Kruger has made up his mind to spend the spring at Nice. Some people have said that at the back of his mind in making this selection of a resting-place is the thought that he may there be a fellow-visitor with Queen Victoria, and the more prominent of the two. The Duke of Montebello, it is said, might prepare Krugerite demonstrations that would gain a point by being made within sight and sound of her Majesty. Nothing could be more unlikely. If Mr. Kruger has the conscious intention of being at Nice when the Queen is there, the far more reasonable interpretation of his conduct would be found in his hope that a personal petition of his might be received by her Majesty.

Sir William Lyne's refusal to form the First Australasian Federal Ministry has caused little surprise, despite his manifest ability for the task, while his recommendation of Mr. Barton, the leader of the Federal Convention, is a fitting tribute to that statesman's contribution to the Federation of Australasia.

Sir William has spent a great part of his not very long career in Opposition; by no means a bad preparation for office-holding, had he seen his way to accept the burden. Sir George Turner and Mr. Holder, the Premiers of



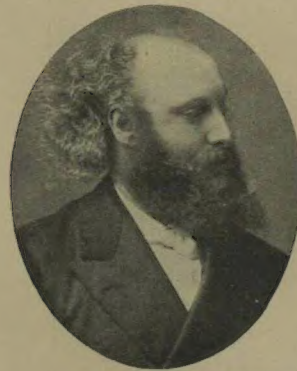
THE HON. SIR W. LYNE,
Premier of New South Wales, who Declined the Honour of forming the First Federal Ministry.

Victoria and South Australia, are not unlikely to accept portfolios; but Mr. Philp, the Queensland Premier, has decided not to enter the Federal Cabinet. Sir William's knighthood of St. Michael and St. George is only a few months old.

Mr. Courtney seems to be losing what little discretion remained to him. He says it is "mischievous" to protest against wholesale libels on the British troops in South Africa. He presided at a meeting at which the audience cheered for De Wet, and received Lord Kitchener's name with cries of "Beast!" and "Butcher!" No doubt it would have been "mischievous" to rebuke them, so Mr. Courtney refrained. With regard to De Wet, it seems necessary to remark that, while all Englishmen admire him, only the few who have taken leave of their senses wish him to succeed.

The Rev. Dr. Caye, the eminent Congregationalist minister, died on the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 19, at Hackney College House, Hampstead.

Dr. Caye, whose scholarship gave him a high position among his fellows, was only fifty-three years of age. He formerly held pastorates at Berkhamstead and Watford; but, twenty years ago, he relinquished the latter charge in order to take the Chair of Hebrew and Church History at Hackney College—an institution of which, two years later, he became



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR CAYE.

the efficient and much respected Principal.

There was a gathering of Grosvenors last Saturday morning in the new church at Eccleston, near Chester, which the late Duke of Westminster built shortly before his death. The occasion was a service in memory of the late Duke; and it was attended by his widow, the Duchess of Westminster, his grandchildren, the present Duke and Lady Lettice Grosvenor, and by Lords Henry, Gerald, and Arthur Grosvenor, as well as by the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Two of these, Lords Arthur and Gerald Grosvenor, have just returned from South Africa. Lord Arthur is one of the group of passengers seen in our Illustration on board the *Briton*, in company with General Mahon, the reliever of Mafeking. Lady Chesham and the Hon. Miss L. Cavendish, nearly connected with the Grosvenors, are also of the party, which further includes Major Count Gleichen and Lord Alwyne Compton.

M. Zola has addressed a letter to the French President about the Amnesty Bill. "Wicked and outrageous" are the epithets he applies to the attempt to make a clean slate of the Rennes verdict—"that provocation of insolent iniquity which revolted the whole world." The statement that the Government, by its Amnesty Bill, is bringing about an appeasement, the novelist meets with a direct denial. "There is no peace," he says, "in iniquity."

The announcement that Japan, now counted among first-class Powers, is likely to have an Ambassador

instead of a Minister, sent by us, and received by us, comes at a particularly opportune moment, both on public and on personal grounds. The timely aid given by Japan to the Allied forces of Europe in the heavy task of suppressing the Boxer Rebellion deserved some special recognition from our hands such as that which is now given. The Japanese Minister in London, Baron Tadasu Hayashi, at his Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens, thus experiences a development of diplomatic rank similar to that enjoyed, not so long ago, by the American Minister, who became Ambassador instead.

Another reason for welcoming this dual raising of rank will be found in the fact that Sir Claude MacDonald is the representative of Great Britain at Tokio. England, which followed the fate of the Legations with intense interest and anxiety, has not had the sequel which generally follows times of great stress—the triumphant homecoming of the hard-pressed hero. Like the melting of the Danube at the end of winter would have been the roar from the London pavement at the end of that prolonged period of hope deferred and then of hope abandoned, had the occupants of the Legations found their way home at the time of their liberation. Sir Claude MacDonald had not that gratification on his own part; and any good thing that comes to him in lieu of it will have, in quieter fashion, the acclamations of his fellow-countrymen.

Born in 1852, Sir Claude, himself a soldier's son, entered the 74th Highlanders nearly thirty years ago. He saw a good deal of active service in Egypt before he became Military Attaché to the British Agency in Cairo. Later experiences at Zanzibar and in the Niger Territories led on to his appointment as Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking. For four years he held that post; and his exchange, a few months ago, with Sir Ernest Satow was made under conditions that are still only too vivid in the memory.

Count Sternberg, a German volunteer with the Boers, has paid an eloquent tribute to the British officers and the British soldiery. He says that in no war has so much humanity been displayed on both sides. That is an impartial opinion, but it is ignored by the journals which are determined to treat the British soldier as a barbarian.

The Japanese have favoured the world with an interesting classification of military humanity in China. The Americans take the highest place for self-restraint; then follow the Germans, and then the British. The French come next, and the Russians are lowest. The Japanese are horrified by the conduct of the Russians.

Lieutenant Macpherson, whose deed of daring in China supplies the historian with the true record of a hairbreadth escape, had a town some eight miles from Peking as the scene of his adventure. Colonel Tulloch, whose detachment was fired upon by invisible assailants, all using smokeless powder and modern guns, camped near Kaoliang, where the rumour reached him of an intended Boxer attack from Dehalyang. The Colonel asked for reinforcements, and when these arrived, in the shape of fifty men, under Lieutenant Macpherson, an assault was made on the town. That was the Lieutenant's opportunity. He led a party with scaling-ladders, was the first to reach the top of the wall, and to jump down upon the other side. His



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
BARON TADASU HAYASHI,
Japanese Minister to St. James's.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD,
British Minister to Japan.



Photo, Isherman, Shanghai.
LIEUTENANT MACPHERSON,
Mentioned for Gallantry in China.

revolver accounted for five Chinese, and after that, he drew his sword and defended himself until his men arrived, just in time to save him from certain death. Lieutenant Macpherson is the son of Lieutenant-Colonel Macpherson, late R.A.M.C.

General French will be edified to learn, on the authority of a Paris journal, that he ordered guns to be turned on a Boer farmhouse, remarking that all Boers ought to be exterminated. This is the Paris journalist's way of recognising that General French is a successful British commander.

M. Delcassé is accused of forgery on the authority of Major Cuignet, one of the worst of the military offenders in the Dreyfus case. Major Cuignet has, of course, been put up by the Nationalists to nullify the Amnesty Bill. He has been sentenced to sixty days' incarceration at Mont Valérien for breach of discipline. After that, what will be done with him? He ought to be cashiered, but what would then become of the amnesty?

Captains Ryder and Wingate, who went with the German Expedition to Kalgan, and made besides some little visitations on their own account, confirm the rumour of the murder of Captain Watts-Jones at Kwei-hua-cheng. The deed was done by order of the Taotai, and the Englishman had some ten or twelve European companions in death. Native converts also were cruelly tortured and murdered. At one Belgian mission-station which the two British officers visited, about three thousand native converts, together with a few priests, had successfully held out against a prolonged siege by Boxers. The mother of Captain Watts-Jones is anxious that the nation should take to heart with her the lesson of his death. Writing from her home, near Conway, she says that his fate shows what awaited the embassies had they fallen. The episode, she thinks, "ought to stiffen the Allied Powers into some small measure of righteousness and resolution"; and she adds: "Let them cease looting and arrest the responsible officials."



Photo, Ematt.
THE LATE CAPTAIN WATTS-JONES, R.E.,
Murdered by Chinese.

The trial of a millionaire banker at Berlin for offences against morality has disclosed an extraordinary system of bribery. Since the revelations, the chief of the Berlin detective police has "died." Two distinguished barristers are implicated. The sturdy integrity of a policeman who refused to be bribed led to the exposure. It is not a nice story, but it is satisfactory to know that the millionaire profligate has gone to penal servitude in spite of his millions.

Field-Marshal Count von Blumenthal, almost the last of the great German soldiers of the War of 1870, has just passed away at the patriarchal age of ninety. Born at Schwedt on the Oder, he was the son of a Captain of Prussian Dragoons, who, when the boy was only three years old, died of wounds received in the battle of Dennewitz. The future Field-Marshal began his soldiering as a cadet at the age of ten. After a great deal of hard work on the Prussian General Staff, he became



Photo, J. C. N. Schaarwachter, Berlin.
THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON BLUMENTHAL,
The last of William the First's great Generals.

Captain of a regiment when he was fifty, and also personal aide-de-camp to Prince Frederick Charles, who became an enthusiastic supporter of Blumenthal's theory that military training should aim at securing the practical efficiency of the individual soldier on the march and in the field. Mere drills and parades were an abomination to him. How far his influence went to the making of the victorious German army is a matter for historians to consider; but there will be no discussion as to the essential service he rendered in 1870 as Chief-of-the-Staff of the Crown Prince's army.

Christmas Eve at Port Elizabeth was enlivened by the arrival of Major-General Baden-Powell, whose Christmas present from the inhabitants was a well-deserved sword-of-honour.

A M. Lippman, who has been in China, informs the French public that the British troops are so despised by their allies that when they travel by rail they are always put in cattle-trucks. The Indian troops, adds this veracious traveller, showed such cowardice at Tientsin that they would have been shot by the indignant troops of other Powers but for the intervention of their officers. Lippman is not a very skilful liar, but he lays it on with a trowel, and that is all the Drumont and Rochefort public cares about.

WITH THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. J. S. Wallace.



1. United States Troops firing a National Salute at Peking. 2. The 14th United States Infantry marching under the Wall of Peking; the Observatory in the Background.
3. American and German Staff Officers, with Mr. Conger, United States Minister, leading Troops through the Wall at Peking.

THE KING OF YILDIZ.

By G. B. BURGIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

I.

CALVERLEY had lived so long in Eastern climes that he was continually being mistaken for a Turk. I told him so one evening as I sat smoking in his rooms in Constantinople.

"That so? I was at the selamlık yesterday," Calverley said presently; "and the Sultan came along with a wild glare in his eye. They say he's going mad. You should have seen how he wobbled about all over that grey Arab of his—the old one who always dances to the music, you know."

"You have just the same look in your eyes," I said, refilling my pipe. "Hope to goodness you won't go mad, Calverley, before you get that injuning concession we're after. You're suspiciously like the Sultan already—just the same cut, though your beard's a little too long, and you're in a trifle better condition."

Calverley walked to the glass and made a rapid snip at each side of his beard with a pair of scissors. Then he stuck on a fez, flung himself upon a divan, crossed his legs, and waved his hand to me in a manner that implied I was an infidel dog to whom audience must be granted.

I was startled. "Turn up the collar of your dress coat, and pin it over, and no one could possibly tell you from the Sultan himself!" I cried. "Do you think he has ever noticed it? You had an audience with him about that concession. Was he polite yesterday?"

Calverley uncurled his legs. "I'm convinced that the Sultan's as mad as a hatter, and that his Ministers know it!" he said excitedly. "You remember old Kislär Agha, the chief of the Eunuchs?"

I nodded.

"Well, old Kislär is very chummy with me because I did him a good turn once. Yesterday he kept looking from the Sultan to me and from me to the Sultan in absolute bewilderment, as if he didn't know t'other from which. He always swears how much he likes me, but that doesn't prevent his asking me for too much backsheesh over this concession for copper-mines in Asia Minor, and so he's blocking the way. I could have talked the Sultan over, had he been sane enough to understand what I was saying. Now, I must have that concession. If I get it I make a hundred thousand pounds directly the firman is in my possession. Old Kislär's too wily, however. He got me in a corner to-day, and said that he wanted to see me this evening. When he comes, you get

behind the curtain and hear all that passes. There's mischief afoot somewhere—something shady is going on, but, for the life of me, I can't put my finger on it. I can hear him coming down the street now."

Calverley flung open the window and we both looked out. An Abyssinian slave ran in front with a torch. Behind him was a muffled-up man, although the evening was warm, mounted on a superb bay Arab. Behind the Arab was a sedan-chair, and behind the sedan-chair ran two more attendants, armed to the teeth. The bay Arab stepped daintily over a dog lying in the middle of the road, and began to slip about on the rough cobble-stones.

"Get your head in quick," said Calverley. "Don't

you see he's looking all round to find out whether he's being followed!"

We shut the window noiselessly enough, and I dived behind the curtains just as a ring at the door announced that the Kislär Agha had reached his destination. In accordance with Oriental etiquette, Calverley went down to meet him, put his hand under the Agha's armpit, and laboriously hoisted him—he was a heavy man—up the stairs. Fortunately, the embrasure in which I was hidden was draped just like the other hangings which covered the walls, and no recess was visible. The Agha dropped a short sentence to his servants, who drew a couple of suggestively sharp yataghans and stationed themselves outside the door. "Now,"

he said, looking Calverley full in the face, "no one can over-hear us?"

"Except the One who hears all," said Calverley gravely, as the Agha seated himself on a divan and waited for his slaves to bring in coffee and narghilehs. The Agha was a wily man, and never trusted other people's coffee—which was wise; for a cup of coffee can often be turned to dangerous uses in the East.

For some time, both men smoked impassively and drank the fragrant coffee handed to them in little filigree cups. When they had finished their coffee the Agha made a sign that the jewelled cups were Calverley's, and prepared to talk business. Calverley put the cups away in a cupboard (they were worth at least a hundred pounds) without betraying any surprise at the costliness of such a present. He knew well enough that the Agha, as a rule, found it more blessed to receive than to give.

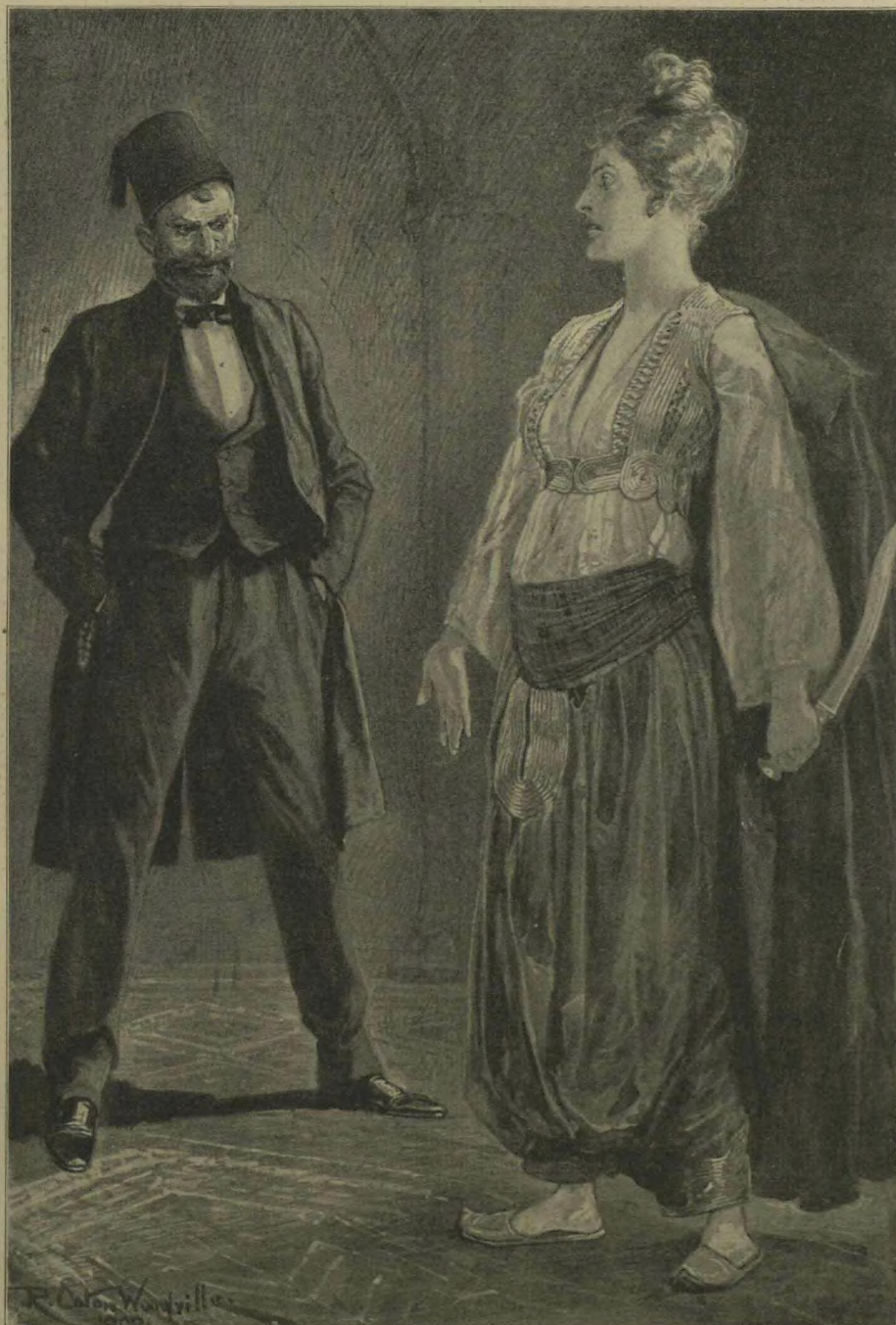
The Agha looked at Calverley searchingly, and made a sign to a man just inside the doorway. "He is a mute," he said to Calverley; "that is why I brought him."

The mute handed the Agha a straight-cut black coat, with a stand-up collar. "I have brought you a Turkish coat," said the Agha, handing it to him.

Calverley began to see what was coming, and his face lit up with satisfaction. "Inshallah, it is a beautiful coat, but a trifle tight in the armpits," he said, as he tried it on. "Now, Agha, what do you want?"

"Inshallah, it is a beautiful coat," said the Agha slowly. "My lord and master, the Sultan of all Islam, wore it himself at yesterday's selamlık."

"W—what!"



"They took away my own clothes too. Nice-fitting things these!"

"S—s—sh!" said the Agha slowly. "I have a little plan, Effendi. A little plan."

"Ah," said Calverley, rescuing himself on the divan. "Yes, I thought that you would have a little plan."

"It is for you to wear this coat and sit on the throne of the Sultan for twenty-four hours," said the Agha.

"And what becomes of the Sultan in the meantime?"

The Agha impressively put his hand on Calverley's arm, and drew him to the window. "See!" he said imperiously, "it is full moon to-night."

Calverley looked at the silver moon as it sailed over the housetops, and was mournfully greeted by a fanatical muezzin from the minaret of the neighbouring mosque. "So!" he said. "I understand now. Is he always mad at the full moon?"

"Always, Effendi."

"And?"

"He has to receive the great English Elchi [the English Ambassador] in full audience to-morrow. The Elchi declines to be put off any longer."

"I see. I am to receive the Ambassador for you?"

"Evet [yes], Effendi; you must receive the great Elchi."

"And how am I to come safely out of it?"

The Chief of the Eunuchs laid his hand on his breast, "I swear it," he said solemnly.

"Anything for a little fun. I'm growing rather tired of this place," Calverley yawned. "It's risky, but I'll do it."

"Not a hair of your head shall be harmed," said the Chief of the Eunuchs, looking Calverley straight in the eyes. "I am all alone. We have been brothers."

"Very well, I'll do the best I can for you. Now, to be perfectly straight with you, I may say that my friend is concealed in that corner, and has heard all that has passed."

"I knew he was there. If you had not put him there I should have known that you declined to help me. I would not have said anything."

"I wonder," asked Calverley, full of admiration, "if I shall ever get ahead of you in any way? When I remember all the money you've got out of me over this concession business I have my doubts. Do you think, honestly now, that I ever shall get ahead of you?"

"I think not," said the Agha, patting his arm. "My life depends upon the success of this little scheme. My imperial master would flay me alive if he ever realised what I am doing. He is drugged. When he comes to his senses, he will know nothing of what has happened. His physician tells me that if he gets over this attack, he will soon be well again. You see what I have at stake."

"I ought to make some terms about that concession."

"The concession! Ah! yes, we shall see about that later," said the Agha hastily, his business instincts reasserting themselves.

"I'm too much of a sportsman," said Calverley, "to take advantage of the situation, or I'd nail you down to something definite. However, we shall see what we shall see."

"If Allah wills, you will get the concession," sententiously remarked the Agha.

"And if He doesn't will?"

"Someone else will get it."

"Well, we'll see about that. I tell you frankly that I mean to have it somehow."

At a sign from the Agha, the mute brought a woman's dress of light silk, and put it on Calverley. A yashmak of muslin concealed the lower part of his face. His dark brown eyes looked bigger than ever in this becoming frame.

"The guards will think that I am taking you to the harem," said the Agha. "There was a girl brought in yesterday. She was—" He checked himself hastily. "Once you are in Yildiz Kiosk, you can put the dress aside and prepare to be King of Yildiz for twenty-four hours. I shall leave you in a certain small room which has a door communicating with a passage leading to the harem. The harem is guarded by another mute, who has orders not to admit even the Sultan himself to-night."

"Of course, of course," said Calverley hastily. "You needn't have taken such precautions as all that. You forget I am an Englishman."

The Agha saluted magnificently. "A mere matter of form. Your room will be midway between the harem and the guard-room, in which are four Albanians armed to the teeth. After the audience with the Ambassador, I will come at dusk, and, clad in this costume, you can return here. When the Sultan wakes, he will be in his own room, and not know that he has slept for two days. You speak Turkish so well that you are perfectly safe. The Sultan's voice is low and weak, remember. Are you ready?"

"I am ready," said Calverley. "You can show up now, Winton, and tell the Agha how good-natured I am to put my fingers into the fire to pull out his chestnuts."

I came out, feeling somewhat confused at the ironical light in the Agha's eye. "You have taken to Turkish methods very readily, Winton Effendi," he said, as he rose to depart.

"And look here, Winton," said Calverley, preparing to follow the Agha. "If I don't come back, you can have the coffee-cups."

"In any case, it will be healthier to get away from Constantinople as soon as possible," I suggested. "The Messengeries steamer leaves on Sunday. I will book two berths."

The Agha looked pleased, and went away taking Calverley with him.

I hastily wrote out an account of what was going on, sealed the letter, and addressed it to the English Ambassador, marking it, "To be opened if not claimed by Mr. Winton by twelve o'clock the day after to-morrow." Then I put a revolver in my breast-pocket, strolled out past the British Embassy, and dropped the note in the letter-box. If the Agha meant to play Calverley false, the whole thing must come to light. The Agha had secured most of Calverley's money without making any adequate return; he should not have my friend's life also and escape punishment if I could help it.

II.

The Sultan's bed-room was simplicity itself. The furniture consisted of a few scrolls on the wall—illuminated texts from the Koran—a divan in a corner, a bed on the floor in another corner, a narghileh on the floor, and a small inlaid table of mother-of-pearl and walnut in the centre. The room was softly carpeted, and had its one small window screened by a lattice. At the end of this room, and opposite the entrance, was another door. Calverley lifted the curtain which hung before it. At the end of a long, low passage lay a man asleep on a mat before a third door.

"That is the entrance to the harem," said the Kislari Agha significantly. "No man save the Sultan can enter there and come out alive."

"Oh, very well!" said Calverley huffily. "I only wanted to see where I was."

"That mute is the strongest man in Turkey," said the Agha apprehensively. "He is renowned for his skill with the bow-string."

Calverley took off his feminine costume. "He doesn't frighten me. Now, I'll see the Ambassador to-morrow, and you'll come to fetch me away in the evening?"

"Yes."

"In the meantime, I warn you that if I can make sure about that concession I shall do so."

"You English are a great race!" said the Agha admiringly. "Even when your necks are in danger, you still think of money."

"Never mind. I want that mining concession in Asia Minor, and I mean to have it. At the present price of copper, it's a fortune. Good-night. Give orders that I am not to be disturbed until sunrise."

The Agha backed out of the royal presence in his customary submissive manner, so that the guards might not realise that anything unusual had happened. Then he breathed a sigh of relief and went to his own rooms. If anyone could carry out this imposture successfully, Calverley was the man. And he had passed his word to do it. In spite of the enormous stake at stake, the Agha slumbered peacefully that night, after first carefully inspecting a small room in which the Ruler of the Faithful slept a heavy and unnatural sleep.

Left to himself, Calverley turned the key in the door next to the guard-room. "I don't want one of those villains to come in and cut my throat," he murmured. "I may as well fasten this other door. That fellow on the mat is stuck all over with weapons. Well, I'm—"

He paused, with a low whistle, for the mute was also snoring. The Kislari Agha had trusted Calverley, and had drugged the mute. Even as Calverley gazed, a curtain was pulled back, a woman stepped softly over the mute, and came along the passage. She carried a dagger in one hand and a cloak in the other.

"Pleasant!" said Calverley. "Seems as if I were to have a rough time of it, after all. What have I done to this lady that she should want to stick that exceedingly sharp dagger into me?"

He hastily dropped the curtain and stood on one side. As he anticipated, the next moment the curtain was drawn back, and the woman stepped into the room.

Calverley seized the hand holding the dagger, and the weapon dropped on the carpet. The girl struggled desperately until her strength gave way.

"Stop it," said Calverley. "I don't want to hurt you."

He forgot that the girl was probably a Circassian. To his surprise, the stranger gave a softly muffled shriek. "Sakes!" she cried. "Who'd have thought you knew American! Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm the Sultan," said Calverley cheerfully. "Come over to the lattice, and then the guards won't hear you."

The girl looked at him distrustfully. "I'm Amanda B. Pratt, I am, and don't you forget it," she said severely.

"What do you mean by not going to sleep when I want to get away from this den of wickedness. I'll report you to our Consul when I get out of this. You'll soon hear what our Massachusetts papers think of you, you bet."

"But how did you get here?" asked Calverley, quite forgetting that he was supposed to know all about it.

"How can I tell? What's the use of asking foolish questions like that, Sultan?" said Miss Pratt, recovering from her fright. "I left Aunt Samantha at the hotel and went for a walk in the Pipe Market, and some of your black villains threw a cloth over my head and brought me here. They took away my own clothes too," she added, indignantly surveying herself. "Nice-fitting things these are after getting one's dresses in Paris!" She hastily drew the cloak round her and blushed.

Calverley laughed. "To tell you the truth, Miss Pratt, I'm Sultan for twenty-four hours only. Now, my life's in your hands."

"Guess you're a pretty good imitation of the original article I saw at the selamluk yesterday," said Miss Pratt, looking at him searchingly. "If I go about again by myself buying pipes for Uncle Hiram, may I never see Massachusetts any more?"

"Well, I'm very much afraid you won't see Massachusetts unless I help you to escape," suggested Calverley. "Once the real Sultan sees you, you're too bewitchingly pretty for him ever to let you go again."

"You're the first Britisher who's ever told me that," said Miss Pratt, with a lovely smile. "You say it a good deal prettier than the other men who've told me nice things about myself."

"And I mean it," said Calverley, with an earnestness which surprised himself, for hitherto he had not been much given to flirting. The girl was delightfully pretty, with soft dark-brown eyes, a lovely rose-and-white complexion, and slight, willowy figure. The Turkish dress in which she was clothed, gave a strange piquancy to her beauty. There was an air of innocent pertness about her which went straight to Calverley's heart. And yet he could see that behind the prettiness were nerves of iron. Truly, if America produced many young women like Miss Amanda B. Pratt, it was a dangerous country for bachelors to visit.

"When you're quite done staring at me," said Miss Pratt, "perhaps you'll tell me how to keep these slippers on. There are no heels to the silly things, and the rest of the costume seems slipping about to match. I—"

made a hasty clutch at some invisible garment, and asked him if he had any pins.

"I beg your pardon," said Calverley hastily. "I wasn't aware of my rudeness. Now, listen to me."

Miss Pratt composedly sat down on the divan. "If that arsenal on the doormat wakes up I guess I'm a gone coon," she said composedly.

"Oh no, you're not. I'm King of Yildiz for the next twenty-four hours. You want to escape?"

"I reckon Aunt Samantha's real mad with me by this time. She always said I'd be the death of her."

"I'm going to get you out of this somehow. Will you do as I tell you?"

"That depends," said Miss Pratt saucily. "You've a sort of see-the-conquering-hero-comes-stand-and-deliver kind of way about you which I don't reckon to admire. I'm an American girl, I am. We don't allow young men to talk to us like that in Massachusetts."

Calverley became serious. "My dear girl—Miss Pratt—this is no laughing matter. I'll be as polite as you please when I meet you in Massachusetts."

"Well, then, we'll just imagine we're there already, Sultan, and you can moderate your manners accordingly. One would think you're President of the United States, as well as Sultan!"

"Now, do listen to me a moment, Miss Pratt. I'm not going to leave you in this confounded harem for—"

"Aunt's sake?" demurely replied Miss Pratt, who was a coquette to the backbone. The Englishman gave her confidence, and what had threatened to become a very serious business now seemed only child's play. His next words, however, undeceived her.

"Now, do be serious," said Calverley. "This is a matter of life and death—bow-string for me, Bosphorus for you—in a—in a sack."

"My!" Miss Pratt shivered. "I seem to be in a sack now." She looked at her clothes with profound disgust. "Wish I was back again in Massachusetts; and all this fuss is because Uncle Hiram wanted a real Turkish pipe! You men are always leading poor women into difficulties."

"I'll get your Uncle Hiram a barrel of pipes if we ever escape from here. Now, Miss Pratt, you must be in earnest. I leave here to-morrow night, and with you."

"It's usual, in Massachusetts, first to ask a lady whether she'll come," murmured Miss Pratt, lifting her dangerous eyelids.

Calverley took her pretty little strong hand in his. "You will obey me," he said sternly. "If we ever do escape, you may then command me. I'll be your slave. For the present, you'll do as I tell you."

"My! But you're real masterful," said Miss Pratt. "Wait till I get you in Massachusetts, then it will be my turn."

"We're not there yet. You must go back to the harem."

"I'd rather not see any more of those—those girls," Miss Pratt suggested. "They're poking fun at me all the time, and calling me a Frank. They might have made it a lira at least."

Calverley seized Miss Pratt by her pretty shoulders and shook her.

Miss Pratt shrieked softly. "Don't do that. I don't know how to manage all these strings and things."

"Behave yourself, then. Return to the harem, and come back here at the same hour to-morrow night. Give me that yashmak and cloak, and get fresh ones for yourself to-morrow night. I'll be as humble as you like the day after to-morrow. Now, you hold your life and mine in your pretty little fingers. I like it; but you have to do as I tell you, or Uncle Hiram will never see that pipe."

Miss Pratt lifted her beautiful eyes. "You're real masterful. Just the sort of man I like. Guess I'll do what you want."

"And you're just the kind of girl I like," said Calverley; "only, you've got to understand that when I give an order I expect to be obeyed."

To her own great surprise, that outrageous flirt, Miss Pratt, meekly acquiesced. "Guess you're a real man. The rest are only dummies," she said, with Transatlantic frankness. "If we ever do get out of this place, I'll consider that pipe business, young man."

She held up her pretty lips to him with the air of an innocent child, and Calverley kissed her with a reverent tenderness which surprised himself.

"That's for fear anything goes wrong with our scheme," said Miss Pratt, with another intensely becoming blush. "I thought you'd better have your reward beforehand, in case—"

"In case?"

"Oh, in case you couldn't claim it afterwards. Now, I guess I'll meander back to those painted Jzebels in the next room. I don't like that bow-string man on the mat there. What he wants in tongue, he makes up in bow-string."

She gave Calverley the yashmak and cloak, and glided noiselessly away.

III.

The Hall of Audience was very simply and somewhat shabbily furnished, with a big arm-chair on a dais at one end of the room, the end opposite the door. Calverley sat in the arm-chair. Behind him stood the interpreter and Kislari Agha. A little below the dais was another arm-chair. Behind this arm-chair were three ordinary chairs with cane bottoms.

When the English Ambassador entered, Calverley half rose from his chair and bowed slightly. The Ambassador made a diplomatic bow in return and leisurely sank into the arm-chair. Then coffee was brought in, and Calverley, the Ambassador, the First Secretary, the Embassy Interpreter, and an attaché all toyed with the filigree cups and sipped it slowly. When the coffee had been taken away, the Ambassador, in the same leisurely manner, unfolded the object of his visit, and Calverley, prompted by the Kislari Agha, made suitable replies. The Ambassador was somewhat surprised at the cordial manner in which his proposals were met. Even his diplomatic training could not wholly conceal his satisfaction as he rose to depart.

Calverley motioned to the Kiskar Agha and attendants to withdraw out of hearing. The Agha went somewhat unwillingly. Calverley was perfectly aware that the Sultan spoke excellent French, and addressed the English Ambassador in that tongue. "Now that diplomacy has had its course, your Excellency," he said gravely, "there is a small matter to which I would call your attention."

The Ambassador bowed, and wondered what was coming.

"There is a fellow-countryman of yours now in Stamboul who has been endeavouring to obtain from my Ministers a concession for the working of certain copper-mines in Asia Minor. I am firmly convinced that the opening of these mines would be a great boon to the country. You follow me, Excellency?"

The Ambassador bowed.

"Here is the firman for the concession. I will ask your Excellency not to mention the matter to your Government for the space of a month, in order that I may have time to prepare my Ministers for this change in my policy. You will readily understand that between my wish to oblige England and not to hurry the downfall of the present Ministry, the position is slightly difficult. I grant this concession, however, as an earnest of my desire to convince the British Government that I have been misunderstood."

"Your Majesty overwhelms me with such gracious consideration," said the Ambassador, taking the firman and putting it in his pocket. "You may rely on your wishes being respected in their entirety. In the meantime, the firman shall be deposited in the Embassy archives for safe keeping until the time has elapsed for it to be delivered to Mr. Calverley."

Calverley beckoned to the Kiskar Agha to approach. "Perhaps your Excellency will acquaint this trusted servant of mine with the terms of the concession. He will bear witness to my wishes, should any question arise afterwards. I found the firman among my papers, already signed by the Ministry, and have affixed my official seal to it this morning, so that you will perceive it is perfectly in order. Your people will consider me an enlightened ruler after this instance of my liberality, I am sure."

The Ambassador bowed to the ground, while the Kiskar Agha writhed impotently, for Calverley had "done him on the post" with regard to the concession.

As a matter of diplomatic etiquette, it was necessary that the Kiskar Agha should escort the Ambassador back to Therapia. It was evening before he returned, for the Ambassador had insisted that the Agha should dine with him, in order that he might taste a new variety of English sherbet called "Veure Cliequot." Hence it was that the Kiskar Agha found the staircases at Yildiz somewhat confusing as he made his way to the Sultan's room and prepared to get rid of the only man who had ever outwitted him. When he reached the ante-room, however, his way was barred by the Albanian guards, who declined to admit him until midnight.

The Kiskar Agha went away. When his imperial master recovered, he would present to him the pretty girl kidnapped in the Pipe Market, and thus distract his attention from affairs of State. This foreign girl would be less dangerous to his interests than some intriguing Circassian. He smiled, rubbed his hands, and decided to forgive Calverley.

The Kiskar Agha came back to the Sultan's room at midnight, and found the light in it dimmer than usual. Calverley sat in the middle of the room, smoking a cigarette with imperturbable gravity. One hand was in the breast-pocket of his coat, and he did not even smile as he rose to his feet and motioned to the Agha to shut the door. "We will start in ten minutes," he said. "I am rejoiced to have been of service to you; but of course I had to be paid for my services."

"I've been thinking it over," said the Agha. "At first I wanted to have you bastinadoed, but, on the whole, the price is not too high."

Calverley continued to smoke. "It must be a little higher, though. I want that American girl thrown in," he said quietly.

The Kiskar Agha's suspicions were at once aroused. He sprang to his feet with a cry of rage. The cold muzzle of a revolver brought him to his senses. "You will ruin me," he said feebly, and sank down on the floor with a groan, calling piteously on his Prophet to save him from the encroachments of this *giaour giapok* (infidel dog). "How can I pass the mute and get her away?" he urged. "You had no business to know anything about her. It was quite an accident that she was kidnapped."

"Now, my dear fellow, do be reasonable," said Calverley persuasively. "What does one girl more or less matter in a country like Turkey? She does matter

"Oh, these English are all mad," said the Kiskar Agha to himself. "Mad! Mad! Agha is with them. She will pull my beard if I am not careful."

"You recognise the situation?" asked Calverley. "What we propose to do, my dear Agha, is this: Miss Pratt has a dagger and I have a revolver. You will walk between us, and if you attempt to give the alarm, Miss Pratt will prod you with a dagger and I shall blow out your brains with the revolver. We're really pained to seem to be rude, but the matter rests entirely in your hands. We should both of us feel so sorry if anything unpleasant happened to you."

The Agha salaamed submissively. "I should feel sorry for myself also, Effendi. If —" He hesitated.

"Now he's going to say something nice, the old dear," interposed Miss Pratt. "I'm sure he'd be a perfectly elegant match for Aunt Samantha. What was he going to say about me?"

"I was only about to observe," said the exasperated Agha, "that if your dagger is as sharp as your tongue, I should feel doubly sorry for myself." And he glared at Miss Pratt in a very un-Oriental manner.

Calverley threw off his fez, hastily put on a cloak and yashmak, and stood by one side of the disconsolate Agha as Miss Pratt closed up on the other. "I suppose you have a carriage waiting?" asked Calverley.

"Yes —" "That's all right. You see, my dear Agha, even if you wanted to play us false, you haven't a chance. I simply throw off this yashmak and proclaim that I am the Sultan, have you arrested, and the mute with the bow-string attends to the rest with his customary punctuality and despatch."

The Kiskar Agha shivered and made a mental vow never to touch English sherbet again. "Effendi," he said, "it is Kismet. You are a great man! Farewell."

"Wal, neow," said Uncle Hiram, admiringly surveying the red clay pipe handed him by Calverley some two months later, as he sat on the steps of his Massachusetts home, with a mint julep at his elbow and his dog between his feet. "Wal, neow, stranger, who told you to bring me this?"

"My wife," said Calverley. "Clap on your coat, Uncle Hiram, and come down to the hotel to see her. Aunt Samantha's waiting for you."

Uncle Hiram hastily slipped into his coat. "Say, you're a pretty smart man, stranger, and that's a real elegant pipe. Did Samantha tell you as she allowed to bring home a Britisher for Mandy?"

"No, she didn't mention that," said Calverley, with a laugh.

"No, Samantha generally does things first, and mentions 'em afterwards," said Uncle Hiram. "Yes, it's a real smart pipe, stranger; almost as smart as Samantha."

THE END.

The Upper Norwood Athenaeum has now seen its twenty-third year of usefulness, and its record of winter meetings and summer excursions for 1899-1900 reaches us in its now familiar setting of fine typography and excellent illustrations. There are capital papers by the members on Christ's Hospital, Lincoln's Inn, Oxford, Laughton Camp, Zion House, Faversham, and other places of learned and antiquarian interest. The motto of this society: "Celui qui veut celui-là peut," aptly translated, "Who has the will he has the skill," has certainly been lived up to, and the book, as a symbol of the work of the society, is one of which the editors, Mr. J. Stanley and Mr. W. F. Harradence, may well be proud. The society, too, has its social side, which is remembered in the section recording the annual dinner.



The Ambassador was somewhat surprised at the cordial manner in which his proposals were met.

to me. I've fallen in love with her, and am going to marry her. Now, as I don't propose to fall in love more than once in my life, you can easily see how inconvenient it will be if your absurd prejudices stand in the way of my happiness. Besides, you'll get yourself into an awful mess kidnapping American citizens in this way. There'll be a frightful row in a day or two, if she isn't restored to her friends. Why, I'd rather give up the concession than lose that girl."

The Agha again groaned feebly. "It isn't that," he said. "It isn't that. As you say, what is a girl more or less? Allah be thanked, there are plenty of them. But she's in the harem, and I am afraid of that mute. I can't get her out."

"Oh, no, you're mistaken. She is not in the harem," said Calverley, with the greatest sangfroid. "She is in that corner. Miss Pratt, will you kindly come here?"

Miss Pratt came forward. "You lovely old man!" she said vivaciously. "Aren't you ashamed to treat me in this way, and shut me up with all those nasty people in there! What have you got to say for yourself! Just wait until Aunt Samantha gets hold of you!"



HER MAJESTY'S IRISH GUARDS: ARRIVAL OF THE NEW LONDON REGIMENT AT CHELSEA.



THE P. AND O. STEAM-SHIP "RIFON," IN WHICH LORD ROBERTS FIRST LEFT ENGLAND FOR INDIA IN 1852.

"My ship was the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer 'Rifon' commanded by Captain Moresby."—"FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA," BY LORD ROBERTS.



DILIGENCE IN WHICH PASSENGERS CROSSED THE DESERT FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ IN 1852.

"The journey was performed in a conveyance closely resembling a bathing-machine, which accommodated six people, and was drawn by four horses."—"FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA," BY LORD ROBERTS.



THE P. AND O. STEAM-SHIP "ORIENTAL," IN WHICH LORD ROBERTS Sailed FROM SUEZ TO CALCUTTA IN 1852.

"On our arrival at Suez, we found awaiting us the 'Oriental,' commanded by Captain Powell."—"FORTY-ONE YEARS IN INDIA," BY LORD ROBERTS.



THE DOMINION LINER "CANADA," IN WHICH LORD ROBERTS IS RETURNING FROM SOUTH AFRICA.



NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SCOTLAND.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

"Many carry a whisky-bottle in their pocket which they will press . . . on a perfect stranger."—R. L. STEVENSON.



CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS: "ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
Drawn by A. Forster.

WITH THE
Allied Forces in China.



CHINESE GRAVE MOUNDS AS LOOKED FROM RUSSIAN OFFICERS VIEWING SIEGE OF TIENTANG.



RUSSIAN BATTERIES IN ACTION AT TIENTANG.



CHINESE STANDARDS IN GERMAN HANDS: AFTER THE SIEGE OF TIENTANG.



INDIAN TROOPS IN CAMP.



CHINESE TROOPS SERVING WITH THE ALLIES. FIRST CHINESE REGIMENT AT TIENTSIN.

WITH THE
Allied Forces in China.



FRENCH TROOPS IN CHINA: ON THE MARCH TO PEITANG.



ITALIAN TROOPS IN CHINA: AN INSPECTION.



GERMAN TROOPS IN CHINA: THE VOLUNTEER COMPANY AT SHANGHAI.



AMERICAN TROOPS IN CHINA: A GENERAL INSPECTION.



INDIAN TROOPS IN CHINA: THE BOMBAY AND GUJARAT REGIMENTS.



THE TYPHOON AT HONG-KONG ON NOVEMBER 10: H.M.S. "OTTER" RESCUING THE CREW OF H.M.S. "SANDPIPER."

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. R. D. ANDERSON, HONG-KONG.

About 9 a.m. H.M.S. "Sandpiper," one of the new river-cruisers, made signals of distress, and the torpedo-boat destroyer "Otter," under Lieutenant Wilkins, at once fought her way to the sinking vessel, and at great hazard succeeded in rescuing all her crew save one. A few minutes after, the "Sandpiper" went down bows first.



THE ESPOUSALS OF JOSEPH AND MARY.

After Paul Louis Delancey.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Last week I incidentally mentioned the cropping-up of the Dreyfus affair, reserving to myself the right, if necessary, to deal with it more fully at some convenient period. Upon the face of it, that period has arrived, inasmuch as during six or seven days preceding Christmas, the members of the French Lower Chamber, under the pretext of discussing an "Amnesty Bill," have done nothing else but indulge in oratorical jousts, all relating more or less to the side issues of the *cause célèbre*. On perusing the various samples of their eloquence, I came to the perhaps justified conclusion that the readers of *The Illustrated London News* must be as tired of the whole of that business as I am. I feel practically certain that in England public opinion, under similar circumstances, would have put a stop to this useless speechifying; and, after all, our members of Parliament are not the servants of the country in the sense Frenchmen are. The members of the House of Commons serve for nothing; those of France cost considerably over £210,000 per annum.

I have read the debates more or less carefully, sufficiently attentively to have become aware of their not containing a single new point; and I could not help asking myself whether five hundred and eighty graphophones—that, I believe, is the name of the new instruments—would not be more amusing, and decidedly cheaper. Having started that train of thought, I was led to pursue it mechanically in the same direction—namely, with regard to £ s. d.; for, however indifferent a man may be to figures—and I decidedly count among the very indifferent—he is always more or less inclined at the close of the year to strike a kind of balance, not only for himself but also for others.

As a consequence, I began to reflect upon the approximate cost of the magnificent Palais-Bourbon facing the Place de la Concorde. For five long years I was an unwilling visitor to it for at least three times a week, and knew its internal arrangements pretty well; hence I began to pass in review the number of officials supposed to be necessary for the maintenance of the building itself and for the propagation and dissemination of all this more or less perfunctory talk throughout the length and breadth of France. I am writing from memory, and have no means at hand of verifying my statements; I fancy, though, that in all essentials they are correct.

In the first place, there is an inspector charged with surveying the building—I had almost said the playhouse—in which those daily performances take place. Then there are two doctors, in case the excitement of their parts should cause sudden and unforeseen damage to the actors' health. One of those Esculaps resides permanently at the Palais-Bourbon, and the arrangement is more or less logical. But there is an offshoot of the Paris temple of legislative wisdom where congresses and plenary meetings—i.e., of the two Chambers combined—are held. It need not be pointed out that on such occasions neither the physician of the Palais-Bourbon nor his colleague of the Luxembourg can be of the slightest use to the law-givers assembled for the nonce at Versailles, nine or ten miles away from the spot where they habitually vociferate. There is, then, no reason why those physicians should not follow their possible patients. Not so. There is a special doctor for the Congress, who lives at Versailles, where, to use the popular locution, "he eats his head off," for a twelvemonth at a time, seeing that, with the exception of the sudden election of a President of the Republic, there is no gathering in the crevices royal residence from one year to another.

The furniture of the Chamber is examined every day by a sub-inspector, an accountant, a sub-accountant, and a chief clerk. Another chief clerk resides at Versailles. His duties are the examination of the *aménagement* of the building there. Turbulent as the meetings now and again are in the structure on the Quai d'Orsay, there is rarely any hurt to the furniture, which, as a rule, is too heavy to serve as projectiles. When such damage does happen, the cost of repairing naturally falls upon the nation.

There are 591 Deputies, and perhaps another 200 officials, in all, 800 salaried persons to be dealt with. The stipends are paid once a month. There are four cashiers. The salaries do not vary, and the question of how they occupy their time during at least five-and-twenty days per month becomes, therefore, a puzzle.

The office of general secretary to the Presidency of the Chamber affords salaries—I do not say employment—to five high functionaries, besides the small fry. The analytical reports of the speeches delivered at the Chamber of Deputies—as distinct from the shorthand and verbatim accounts of the same—are in the hands of fourteen précis-writers. There are twenty-one shorthand-writers, and eight persons look to the indexing of the "transactions" of the second Assembly. There are either three or four questors who are practically charged with the police in the House. They are lodged gratis, the nation supplying firing, lighting, and furniture, besides giving them a salary equivalent to that received as Deputies, for they are pluralists. I do not know the exact number of their assistants, but there are at a rough guess three dozen of them.

Naturally, there is a library at the Palais-Bourbon. A librarian, an assistant librarian, four sub-librarians, and a principal assistant discharge the work connected with that branch. There are the archives, the department of the ushers, footmen, and cleaners, besides the employés of the refreshment-rooms. The latter are also paid by the State, there being no caterer, in our sense of the word, to pay them. In short, exclusive of the salaries of Deputies and of Ministers, the administration of the Palais-Bourbon costs annually £320,000. I have taken the lowest computation. Does the nation get an equivalent for it in having her affairs attended to?

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. DOUGLAS ANGUS.—If Black play 1. P to Q 4th, White can continue 2. Q to R 4th.

C. TRINITY.—In the variation of your problem there is no mate by 8. Q to B 6th.

W. H. GIBSON.—The corrected version shall appear.

C. R. S. and I. GILMAN.—See answer to "Amateur" in our Number, Dec. 15.

ISSUES.—I have read your letter. You have, however, much to learn in chess position. Nearly all Black's pieces and many of White's could be taken off the board, while the whole theory of problem construction demands that every piece shall be essential to the position. Try again; you have correct ideas, but want practice in composition. Study some good problems.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.—Thanks for problems, all of which shall appear before the time you mention. We wish your book every success.

I. E. K. THOMAS.—Your two-mover is full of constructive skill, but the key-move is such an old one we dare not publish the problem. The game is curious, but scholar's mate is less waste of time for Black.

N. M. GIBSON (Brighton).—Your problem is very neat.

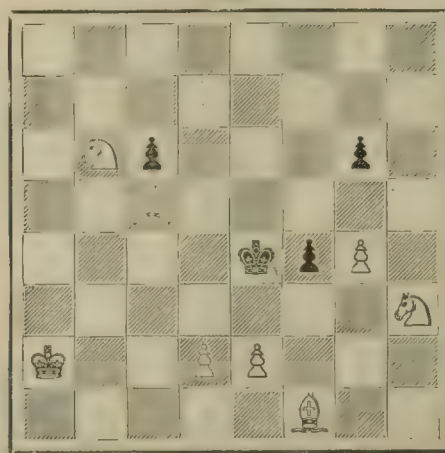
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2550 received from E. H. Van Noorden (Tate Town); of No. 2551 from V. C. Brownman (Napa, California); of No. 2552 from Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2554 from F. A. Hyder (Upper Norwood); and J. Maxworthy (Hook); of No. 2555 from J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Mrs. Vlasto (Paris), J. Maxworthy, A. W. Hamilton-Dell (Exeter), and F. A. Hyder.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2556 received from Sorrento, T. Roberts, G. St. John, J. Johnson (Colman), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), W. A. Lillie (Lancashire), F. Dalby, J. Maxworthy, Alpha, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), H. Maxwell (Prideaux), Charles Burnett, J. P. Moon, H. S. Brundrett (Florence), Edith Cosser (Reigate), and Shadforth.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2555.—By the Rev. J. JESPERSEN.

WHITE 1. Q to R 7th 2. Mates. BLACK Any move

PROBLEM No. 2558.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.



WHITE. White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club Championship Tourney between Messrs. A. CROSBY and HERBERT JACOB.

(Center Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. B to K 3rd	B to Q 6th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	20. Q to Q 2nd	B takes P
3. Kt to Q R 3rd	P to K B 3rd	21. R takes B	Kt to R 3rd
4. P to K B 3rd	R to B 4th	22. Kt to Kt 5th	P to R 3rd
P takes P would help White's development, but the move seems safe enough.		23. Kt to K 4th	Q to Kt 3rd
5. P takes P		24. Kt to K 3rd	P to B 4th
6. P takes P		25. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th
7. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	26. Q to K 5th	P to K 5th
8. B takes Kt	R to Q Kt 5th	27. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q 6th
9. Castles	B to Kt 3rd	28. Kt to B 4th	Kt takes Kt
10. Q to K 2nd	P to K 3rd	29. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to R 3rd
11. Kt to K 4th	Q to Q 4th	30. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q R to B sq
12. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	31. Q to R 2nd	
13. P to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
14. P to B 4th	Q to Q 4th		
15. Kt to K 4th	Q to R 4th		
16. Kt takes B	P takes Kt		
17. B to B 4th	P to K 4th		
18. P to Q 5th			

The Counties and Craggside Chess Tournament, which owing to building alterations was discontinued last year, will be held as usual at the Craggside Hotel, Llandudno, commencing on the evening of Dec. 31. The various contests will continue daily throughout the week, and no effort will be spared to make them successful. The list of events includes: 1. The Craggside Championship Cup Tournament; 2. A first-class tournament; 3. A second-class tournament, open to such players as shall not be eligible to compete in either of the other tournaments; 4. Handicaps will be arranged during the week.

Mrs. W. J. Baird intends to publish a collection of her problems about the latter half of next year, and it will doubtless receive a favourable reception from a public whom she has so often delighted with her conspicuous skill in this branch of chess.

A bright Christmas programme has been arranged by Mr. Albert Chevalier at the Queen's (small) Hall for the holidays, including a new musical sketch, written by himself, called "A Christmas Night's Dream." It is in the form of a fantastic extravaganza, and is very humorous so far as Mr. Chevalier is concerned, for it gives him an opportunity of playing one of those sordidly comic figures that owe their existence to his genius, a City shabby waiter, with an underlying pathos, unsuspected even by himself. The musical numbers are simple and unpretentious, and are written by Mr. Alfred West. At the beginning of the programme Mr. Chevalier sings his songs and gives his celebrated character-sketches, including an extremely clever burlesque lecture, happily satirising the banal style of the mediocre preachers of the present day.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The century is growing old, very old and feeble, and a few hours more will witness its extinction. We shall then learn to speak of it as the "last century," and for a time the phrase will seem strange on our lips, because we shall have to become accustomed to denude our minds of what the "last century" means to us to-day. It implies Georgian eras and days of skirts and hoops, and mail-coaches and Bow Street runners, and the like. In a few hours the phrase will mean something very different indeed. It will denote a wondrous period in social evolution, and, above all, in scientific advance. It will include the era of the telephone and the telegraph, and of wireless telegraphy to boot. It will be associated with the rise and progress of the express train and the penny stamp.

Still more it will imply for us the era when men began to search after the causes of disease and to improve their sanitary surroundings. We will look back upon it as the century which witnessed vast improvements in the environments of mankind, all tending to the race's betterment. We have improved our slums so far, opened up breathing spaces in our big centres, established hospitals for the relief of the sick and suffering poor, secured supplies of pure water, laid down drainage, and in many other ways has life been made sweeter and better from the physical side. When we are tempted to growl and grumble because our progress has been so slow, let us cast our thoughts back a few years only, and we shall find a corrective to our discontent in even a cursory review of what has been accomplished both in the state political and in the state social.

If I were asked to specify two of the most prominent advances which the last century has seen in the ways and means of human improvement and safety, I should select the discovery of the means for abolishing pain, and the researches which have placed within our grasp a knowledge of the causes of disease. I do not belittle improvements of any other kind, or any additions to knowledge which have for their aim and object the increase of the welfare of the race. But pain, sickness, and the risk of premature death represent contingencies that await us all, and in proportion as they constitute ills of a very practical nature, rendering life miserable, work impossible, and happiness unattainable, we may well experience a spirit of deep thankfulness that the wonderful century has done so much to mitigate the physical evils that mingle in our daily lot.

Every man who hails from north of the Tweed has a special interest in the discovery of chloroform. It was in Edinburgh that the late Sir James Simpson (then plain Dr. Simpson), assisted by the late Dr. Matthews Duncan and by Dr. Thomas Keith, made the first experiments on themselves with chloroform as an anæsthetic. The story of ether had been commenced at an earlier date by Morton in America, but it was Simpson's discovery which undoubtedly placed the whole matter of pain-killers on a practical footing, and gave a decided impetus to further research. Possibly the new century will give us some other form of anæsthetic that may be better than the chloroform which sends many a poor soul into the great lone land of sleep, and saves excruciating agony while the surgeon's knife does its all-merciful work. But when we read of the old operating-table and its scenes of woe, and think of the quietness of the modern chamber of mercy, we may well bless the century that gave us chloroform and the man who discovered its pain-abolishing powers.

If my readers wish for a beautifully drawn picture of what patient endurance had to suffer in the days of the past let them read what I think is the most pathetic story in the English tongue. This is saying a good deal, but I am not afraid of my opinion being ousted. I mean Dr. John Brown's "Rab and his Friends." Therein you will find a description of an operation in the old days, told as only the Doctor could tell it, and a sketch of Scottish life, with the story of Rab, the dog, which makes recent "Kailyard" literature appear mere balderdash in comparison. The difference between then and now in the abolition of pain is so great that we are apt to forget what suffering must have meant in the past. It is because of this thought that I rejoice in the gift of mercy which chloroform and its kindred substances represent to men and women tortured by disease and what they mean as aids to cure. There has been no greater boon given to man than such a means, whereby, in the expression of the Psalmist, we receive the gift of sleep that is the portion of the beloved.

The wider matter of disease-prevention is another phase of the wondrous century's achievements that should cause us to rejoice. Science has been tracking malarials to their origin, has been cultivating germs, testing their nature, experimenting on their properties and qualities, showing forth their power to devastate our race, and finally elucidating the means for defeating their attack. What the knowledge of the causes of our epidemics means to us, we may realise if we think of the cholera epidemics of the past, and of our freedom from such scourges in the present. Even the visitation of the plague which we experienced a few months ago caused us no concern. Our sanitary precautions snuffed out what otherwise might have been a veritable infliction, and what would have proved to be a national calamity a century or two gone by. For these and many other things surely we may possess thankful hearts to-day. The pessimists who see no advance because their own little fads are scorned by the multitude may maintain a chorus of discontent. The world will never lack people who call that reform alone which is conducted on the lines they lay down for the race. Wiser folks will recognise that though we can never see a perfect world, nor a perfect race, science and other agencies are doing their best to render us all happier, because they make us healthier. And that health and happiness may largely increase is no bad wish for the new century that is about to dawn.

WAR OFFICE COMMITTEE.

Early in the New Year the new War Office Committee will meet. They have been nominated by Mr. Brodrick, and they are to consider the transaction of business within the War Office, the system of audit and contract, and the possibility of further decentralisation of work, with a view to the more expeditious and effective discharge of the duties of the various departments. The Committee consists of six members, and its chairman is to be Mr. Edward Clinton Dawkins. Born in 1859, the son of an official in the Foreign Office, Mr. Dawkins was educated at Cheltenham and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he took Honours in Moderations and Greats. He entered the India Office in 1884, served as secretary to Lord Cross and to Mr. Goschen, and afterwards as Under-Secretary of State for Finance in Egypt and as Finance Minister in India. Ten years ago he became a partner in Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co. Fencing is his favourite amusement.

The five other members of the new Committee are Mr. Beckett, M.P., Mr. W. Mather, M.P., Sir Charles Welby, M.P., Colonel Sir George Clarke, and Mr. George Gibb. Mr. Beckett, who sits as Conservative member for the Whitby Division of Yorkshire, is forty-four years of age, and is a partner

in the banking firm of Messrs. Beckett and Co., of Leeds. He is the heir of Lord Grimthorpe, and is an Hon. Colonel of Yorkshire Hussars.

Mr. William Mather sits as a Liberal for North-

Egyptian Expedition of 1882. After a term of employment at the War Office, he acted as Secretary of the Colonial Defence Committee and to the Royal Commission on Army and Navy Administration.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. W. MATHER, M.P.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL SIR GEORGE S. CLARKE, K.C.M.G., F.R.S.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. W. BECKETT, M.P.



Photo, Youder Wark.
SIR CHARLES G. E. WELBY, C.B., M.P.



Photo, Steel, Southampton.
MR. GEORGE GIBB.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
MR. EDWARD CLINTON DAWKINS.

THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED TO CONSIDER THE CONDUCT OF BUSINESS IN THE WAR OFFICE.

Major Jarvis.

Major Dugdale.

Lieutenant Grey.

Lord Arthur Grosvenor, Colonel Hon. Cecil Bingham.

Colonel Stevenson.



Hon. Miss L. Cavendish.

Lady Chesham.

Captain Griffin.

Mrs. Dugdale.

General Mahon.

Lord Alwyne Compton.

Major Count Gleichen.

GENERAL MAHON (WHO RELIEVED MAFEKING) AND OTHER OFFICERS ON BOARD THE "BRITON."

Photograph by M. Jacobs.



POLAR BEARS AT HOME: CATCHING THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER.



"IN FOR A SHARP RUN."

By kind permission of Mr. E. W. MacQueen, Haymarket.

LADIES' PAGE.

It is a coincidence that the Nelson relics should have disappeared from Greenwich just at the time that an exhibition is open in London which gains its attractiveness almost exclusively from the woman to whom the hero's whole heart was given. He not only loved her, but, strange to say, he really respected her; no true and fond noble-hearted wife could wish for anything sweeter than what he said of her: "Were there more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons." People now almost forget that there was a Lady Nelson, so exclusively does the image of Emma Lyon or Hart, Lady Hamilton, occupy the field of historic vision at the hero's side. It is impossible to



A SMART GOWN AND TOQUE.

look at her numerous portraits in the Romney Exhibition now being held at the Grafton Gallery without feeling the spell of her grace and brightness. She is on the walls of the Grafton in many a guise; perhaps the most charming is as Comedy in "Shakspeare Nursed by Comedy and Tragedy," a truly beautiful face; but there is also a very lovely "Bacchante" done from her presentment, the best, I think, as a picture—it is No. 67. Then there is again Madame Le Brun's portrait of Lady Hamilton, reclining on a tiger-skin, a portrait that is in some respects even more interesting than Romney's efforts to reproduce the same charming face.

But Romney did not paint her alone among the fair women of his time; and one cannot but doubt in the presence of so many charming female figures whether the women of to-day really have as much elegance and grace as their ancestresses. One of the interesting women depicted more than once is Honora Sneyd, whom Romney calls "Serena": she was one of the numerous stepmothers of Maria Edgeworth, whose father holds almost the record for many marriages—five in all—and, curiously, induced his children to love all his wives in succession. "Serena" was his third. There is a reference to her in Miss Edgeworth's memoirs, which shows that the "serene" disposition that Romney credits her with, and which on his canvas becomes coldness and a reserve that seems almost slyness, was exercised in the difficult relation of stepmother. Edgeworth wrote on her death to his daughter Maria: "She was an incomparable mother . . . and fulfilled the duty of a mother towards you and your sisters without partiality towards her own or servility to mine. Though her timely restraint of you, and that steadiness of behaviour, yielding fondness towards you only by the exact measure of your conduct, at first alarmed your friends"—and so on. Yes, that sounds like this "Serena" looks! She has the further distinction of having had courage enough to recommend her husband, as she lay on her death-bed, to marry her sister as soon as possible. Another interesting portrait now at the Grafton is that of Lady Forbes of Pittligo, presumably the mother of that friend of Sir Walter Scott who was a tower of strength to him in the day of his troubles, after having been his successful rival in youth in their first love. "It is fated that our planets shall cross, and that at the periods most interesting for me . . . down, down a hundred

thoughts." So wrote poor Scott in his diary in the midst of his griefs, and at that moment Forbes was doing far more than Scott knew in his interests. Lady Forbes's portrait looks as the countenance of the mother of so generous a man should do, and it is especially interesting from this association.

We are all bedecked just now in London, as in Paris, with beads like savage women. Very pretty indeed good beads are—few things more so—and one can quite understand that where they have a scarcity-value, as in African wilds, they should be prized for their intrinsic decorative effect on beauty as we value diamonds. We learn to be indulgent to the savages as we hang our long chains of gold and fancy beads round our necks. The fine specimens are by no means cheap. A string just sent over to me from Paris is composed of dull gold beads of various shapes, some square, some octagonal, some round in form, strung alternately; with two enormous round ones placed so as to fix at the middle of the figure on each side; two others end the chain, which reaches far below the waist; the price that my modiste affixes to this triviality is three guineas. You may unearth from ancient sandal-wood boxes any sort of nice beads that your grandmothers may have thought worthy of leaving stored up; from Indian blackwood or British cut jet to the brightest faience or most fanciful Venetian glass, all may be worn at present. But it is doubtless only a passing whim, so make haste and take advantage of it, if it meet your personal fancy. The long gold muff-chains, jewelled or not, are still popular, worn hanging loose well below the waist; the bunch of charms at the end is now superseded by a variety of these little toys hung at intervals round the lower third of the chain.

Fancy-dress balls are in season at this time of year. Besides being amusing, they are desirable winter entertainments, as allowing delicate girls to wear dresses that reach near the throat without being "dowds" in consequence. Whatever may be said as to *décolleté* gowns, it is beyond question that they are smartest; and on occasions when they are universally worn, an exception feels very much behind the rest of the world in looks. A Greek costume, with the classical drapery up to the shoulders, covers nearly the whole of the bosom, if it is correct to the antique; an Elizabethan costume covers the back of the chest; and many other designs do not demand a low cut at the throat. On the other hand, those women who are able to be fearless in this respect have full scope for their own taste in the matter. Flower designs are very popular this year, and some hostesses are sending out invitations to "a floral ball," instead of leaving the fancy costume entirely to the whim of the guest. A success was scored at the recent Charing Cross Hospital "flower ball" by the costume of a white lily, which received the first prize—a handsome gold chatelaine supplied by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company. There was a skirt of pure white satin cut in lily-leaf shapes falling on a soft tulle foundation skirt; the green "cup" of the flower was in the proper tone, and was arranged partly falling in points over the skirt and partly turned back on the lower portion of the bodice of soft tulle. The head-dress is always a very important feature of a flower design; it must reproduce the flower as closely as possible to be becoming to the face—the lily-leaves in soft white silk, the cup in green silk, and a bit of stem, forming a sort of aigrette, made this wearer's cap very effective. The second prize was awarded to a cornflower, less ingenious, inasmuch as the actual flowers were worn as a flounce on a cornflower-blue silk crêpe skirt; the bodice was shaped like the flower, with chenille ends set round the berthe to form the shredded tips that distinguish the flower; here again the cap, shaped like a half-opened blossom, was an important feature. A fuchsia in mauve tulle underskirt with overskirt cut to resemble the petals in fuchsia-red velvet, and the bodice cleverly made in green tulle to represent the cup of the flower, was accompanied by a cap like an inverted fuchsia, with the mauve heart just peeping out. This was very effective; so was a lily-of-the-valley in the proper shade of green chiffon, the bells forming a fringe round the skirt and finishing the berthe.

Patriotic costumes, so called—that is, imitations of the dress of a soldier—will be specially in vogue this season, and it is obvious that the uniform of the C.I.V. can easily be copied for a girl with success. Ice and snow seem always attractive notions in winter dresses: "Snow Queen," "The North Pole," "An Ice-ice," or some other fanciful title can be applied to the same sort of idea in the garb—namely, a dress of tulle or satin in a bluish ice-like shade, draped with shimmering silver tissue for frost, and trimmed with swansdown to represent snow, and with the icicles of glass that all theatrical costumiers sell for the purpose. From the same merchants can be obtained a frosting powder, but though this is very effective for tableaux, where not much movement will take place, it is very undesirable for dancing, as it is a material of the ground-glass order, and falls off the hair or the tufts of swansdown on the dress on which thoughtless folks may have sprinkled it with temporary good effect, but ultimate danger to their own and others' lungs, and even eyesight. Empire gowns have the advantage of being easily turned to account as dinner-dress afterwards; for fancy-ball wear the head would need to be considered specially. The Empire style of hair-dressing can be seen in old portraits or prints that are easily accessible; Madame Recamier, for instance, in her strictly classic coiffure, with bandeaux across the head, one very close to the brow, and a few little curls both on the forehead and at the nape of the neck—not soft waves, like those of to-day, but actually little round ringletty curls, very short—or Madame de Staël, in her tulle turban, equally showing a few curls at each side of the brow. Modern pictures of ancient costume, such as those of Lord Leighton, Albert Moore, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, or the Royal Academy's President, are easily seen, too, either in art-galleries or in engravings, and a close following of such costume will be assuredly happy in its results. I lately saw Lord Leighton's "Captive Andromache" reproduced with great effect: the Greek loose robe of that rich, deep blue that he so well used, made in soft

Roman satin, and combined with the filleted hair, was a most effective dress for a dark girl. Easy dresses are the "Seasons"—any one of them represented by appropriate flowers, with ivy, holly, and mistletoe for winter; and peasant-costumes of any foreign country are as easy to prepare as those of nurses, cooks, and flower-girls.

An opportunity that many of us wait for as patiently as we possibly can, and yet impatiently, is the great winter sale at Messrs. Peter Robinson's fine and well-filled premises. At Oxford Circus there is really a series of shops each with its own skilled expert "buyer" or manager, with his distinct abilities and responsibilities, but all under one roof; so that here we have all the advantages of hunting for what we want free from the trouble of doing so. "Everything for ladies' wear" is the proud and deserved boast of this establishment, and during the last few years there has been added practically all that is wanted for gentlemen and for children also. Great bargains are offered in the sale beginning on Dec. 31, under every possible head, therefore; nothing you can want but you can find here in the wearing line, while the clearance sale of the Christmas bazaar offers great bargains in all sorts of fancy goods.

In Regent Street, 252 to 264, there is Messrs. Peter Robinson's other great house. This has always been famous for its mourning department, and is so still, though many other departments have been added. It is now arranged that not only shall mourning orders be fulfilled as promptly as usual during the sale, but that sale prices shall obtain in this department as well as the rest during the whole of January. The stock of black materials is specially good here, and the liberal reductions made apply to silks as well as to materials. Some of the rich brocades in black and in the mourning mixtures, steel and black and mauve and black, are reduced from 12s. 6d. to 4s. 11d., and from 25s. to 8s. per yard. Mantles, furs, costumes, and underclothing are other departments to be specially inspected at 252, Regent Street.

For New Year's gifts and for presents to the youngsters home for their holidays it would not be easy to find anything more delightful than a box of Messrs. Cadbury's chocolates. They are cased in charming boxes that are really works of art, even the sixpenny "Gainsborough" series being



A WINTER WALKING COSTUME.

worthy of preservation as pin or trinket holders; while the larger sizes, with their artistic floral or other pictorial reproductions, are worthy to reside permanently in a drawing-room. The bonbons themselves are of the very highest quality and in great variety. Praise of Messrs. Cadbury's chocolates is needless, as we all know that the firm's name is a guarantee of excellence, and that all their goods are made under conditions of health and cleanliness at their model village, Bourneville, where these illustrious members of the Society of Friends have solved the problem of capital and labour for themselves. A novelty this season is "café-au-lait chocolate" in cakes for eating or for making drinking-chocolate of a delicious new flavour.

FLORENNA.

PETER ROBINSON'S ANNUAL WINTER SALE

WILL COMMENCE

Monday, December 31, 1900

AND CONTINUE

THROUGHOUT JANUARY.

This Sale affords excellent opportunities for securing
High-Class Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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HE PIANOLA has been before the public but little more than a year. Its history during this time is interesting as well as phenomenal, for it marks a page in the musical history of the world and is full of significance for the future of music.

The chief fact of note is the steady reversal of opinion which has been taking place regarding this remarkable piano-player. From a position of doubtful experiment, the Pianola, by its actual achievements, has pushed its way forward until now it is an acknowledged factor in the musical progress of the world. By its elimination of all technical obligations it opens up a new avenue of development in piano-playing, enabling the player to devote himself solely to expression and to artistic effect.

The past year has brought recognition of the Pianola's artistic merit from the public and from the highest musical critics.

We urge that you give yourself an opportunity of hearing the Pianola.

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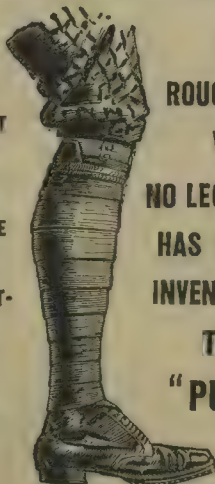
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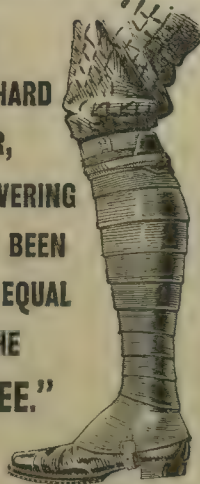
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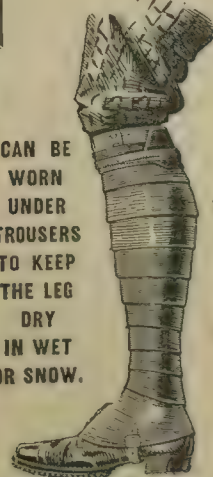
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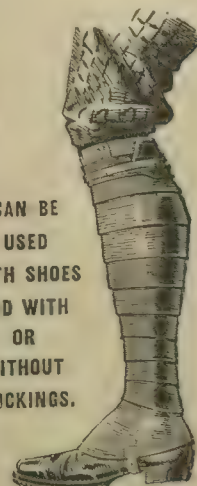
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MUSIC.

The "Strolling Players," an amateur orchestral society, gave a not very interesting concert on Dec. 13 at the Queen's Hall. It was rendered still more uninteresting by members of the Press being unable to procure a programme, even by the "unprofessional" nimble sixpence, until the end of the concert. The conductor struggled manfully with an orchestra that was fairly exact, excepting the wind instruments, but singularly dead and heavy. Occasional or spasmodic attention to the baton might have resulted in more point and gradations of time and sound. The overture of "Maritana" was their best performance. Mr. Dettmar Dressel played very well a violin solo, "All' Ungherese," and attempted very bravely the difficult "Ballade et Polonaise" of Vieuxtemps.

A matinee musicale of Signor Bocchi, at the Kensington Town Hall, proved to be a delightful afternoon. His sextet is quite perfect in its taste and harmony of expression. It seems to play as one man, and though its selection of music was light, its performance was so highly finished that it deservedly takes a high place in the musical world. Madame Denzi sang very charmingly, Bohn's "Still wie die Nacht," and "A May morning" of L. Denzi, and Mons. Parkoa sang three little songs, the most captivating one being "Pierrot-Pierrette." If only an audience could be induced to realise that an impromptu obligato to songs of the speaking voice is not an improvement, the gain to the public world would be immense. At fashionable concerts it amounts almost to an agony, for both men and women apparently take the half-hour in which they fill their guinea or half-guinea stall as an excellent opportunity for a confidential chat with their most intimate friends.

The students of the Royal Academy of Music gave an excellent concert at the Queen's Hall, at which they produced two new compositions of students. The first, a very clever piece of work, was a symphonic march by A. von Abu Carse, who holds the Macfarren Scholarship. It was very rich in its orchestral effects. The second was an intelligently conceived and constructed piano-concerto, full of broad captivating melodies and solid orchestration. The composer was Mr. Henry Farjeon, the holder of the Goring Thomas Scholarship. Mr. Cuthbert Whitmore played the piano part brilliantly; and the orchestra, conducted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was excellent.



CRIPPLEGATE CHURCH, THE BURIAL PLACE OF MILTON, ABOUT TO BE DEMOLISHED.

Built in 1000 by A'fuar, Preceptor of St Bartholomew's; almost entirely rebuilt, 1332; survived the Great Fire, 1666; and was threatened in the fire of 1897.

At Leighton House, Mr. Korbay gave a most interesting illustrated lecture on Hungarian music, called a "causerie." No one has more studied the music, or appreciates it more

highly, than Mr. Korbay, whose own compositions are so well known, to quote only two, "Shepherd, see thy horse's foaming mane," and "My brown boy." There was an initial disappointment, for Mr. Korbay had practised so assiduously the songs and music of his country that on the morning of the lecture he discovered he had player's cramp. Mr. Liddle took his place, but both Mr. Plunket Greene and Miss Janet Duff, his pupil, who sang his illustrations, were a little handicapped. The difficulty of the music, as Mr. Korbay pointed out, is its repetition of sustained notes, and its ever varying rhythm, in some songs the rhythm changing in every fresh bar. To more Western ears, this very marked rhythm is apt to grow a little monotonous, and the concert erred, if at all, on the side of its length. Mr. Francis Korbay insisted very strongly on dispelling the popular ignorance that Tzigany, or gypsy music, is identical with Hungarian. He declares the gypsy street-music is merely imitative of the quaintly rhythmical folk-songs of Hungary, and is no more to be confounded with it than is the German brass band of the street with Wagner. They are merely executants, and faulty ones at that. This is only the first of the three lectures which are to be devoted to the same subject in January and February. M. I. H.

The Bishop of Liverpool has been giving some sensible counsels to his clergy. He thinks the present age needs short sermons rather than long ones, and believes that unless the preacher's gifts equal those of a Melvill or a Liddon, the morning sermon should not exceed twenty minutes, or the evening sermon half an hour. He also advises the clergy to delegate such duties as the superintendence of Sunday schools to efficient lay-helpers, so that they themselves may secure more time for study. "There never was a time when the Church of England more needed a well-read laity."

The writer of the remarkable papers on "The Rome of To-day," which are appearing in the *Guardian*, comments with just severity on the attitude of the Vatican Press during the War. "The manner in which the horrors of the war have been gloated over, the resistance of the Boers counted on, the Foreign Powers incited and insulted into action, compare unfavourably, to say the least, with those peace-making, arbitration-loving sentiments which are diligently inculcated as the mind of the Vatican."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1898), with a codicil (dated Oct. 20, 1899), of William, Baron Kensington, Captain 2nd Life Guards, of St. Brides, Haverfordwest, who died at Bloemfontein on June 24, was proved on Dec. 13 by the Earl of Longford and Captain Algernon Francis Holford Ferguson, the executors, the value of the estate being £711,218. The testator devised all his real and leasehold property in the counties of London and Middlesex, and in the Principality of Wales, to his brother Hugh for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male; but the English property is charged with the payment of an annuity of £1000 to his mother, Grace Elizabeth, Lady Kensington, and with portions of £20,000 each for his brothers and sisters. He bequeaths £20,000, upon trust, for his aunt Mrs. Jeanie Johnstone Douglas and her husband and family. The residue of his property is to be held upon like trusts as those of his settled estates.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1895) of Mrs. Catharine Abbot, of South Villa, Regent's Park, who died on May 4, widow of Mr. John George Abbot, of Gateshead, has been proved by Laurence William Adamson, the brother, and John George Adamson, the nephew, the value of the estate being £67,141. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Alder Memorial School, Gateshead, and the Northern Counties Orphan Institution, Newcastle; £2000 to the Northern Counties Society for Granting Annuities to



A NOVEL SPIRIT-CANTEEN.

Messrs. Mappin & Co., of 66, Cheapside, E.C., and 290, Regent Street, W., have, in view of the war, made a special order of an actual Boer Maxim Ammunition Case, captured at Paardeberg, polished and fitted up as a spirit-canteen. This novel idea might well be followed by all those who have relatives of the war.

Governesses and other ladies in reduced circumstances; £500 each to the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society Schools, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the Prudhoe Memorial Convalescent Home at Whitley, Newcastle; £500 each to her executors; £5000 each to her nephews John George Adamson and Arthur Laurence Adamson; her house in Windsor Crescent, Newcastle, to her niece, Mrs. Mary Pattinson, and £5000 to the trustees of her marriage settlement; her jewels and personal effects to her two sisters; and legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother and her two sisters Elizabeth Buchanan Adamson and Annie Adamson.

The will (dated July 12, 1898) of Mr. Louis Anthony Henlé, of 28, Pembroke Gardens, and 18, Wallbrook, who died on Nov. 27, was proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Anne Henlé, the widow, Frederick Thomas Henry Henlé, the son, and Sigismund Sinauer de Stein, the executors, the value of the estate being £97,738. The testator gives £550 and his household effects to his wife; £400 to his sister-in-law Frances Grein; £200 to Leonard Davies; £100 each to the Jewish Board of Guardians and the Society of Friends of Foreigners in Distress; £50 to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum, Norwood; £25 each to the City of London Dispensary, the Jews' Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Metropolitan Free Hospital, the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City Road), the National Life-Boat Institution, the Victoria Hospital for Children (Chelsea), and the London Hospital; and legacies to persons in his

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"T. WILLIAMS, M.S.C.I., Lecturer on Chemistry, and Consulting Analyst."

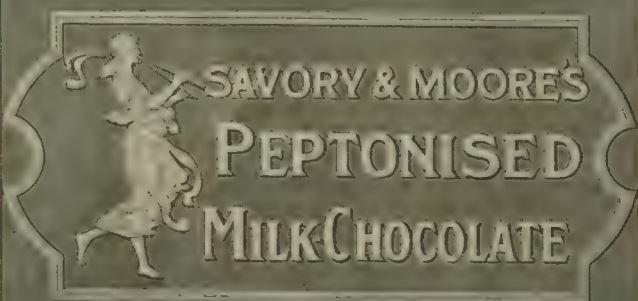
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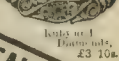
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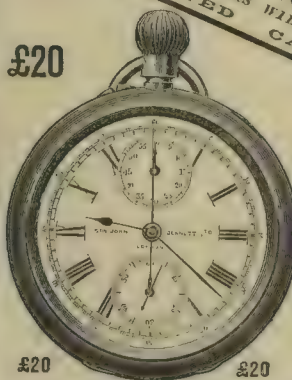


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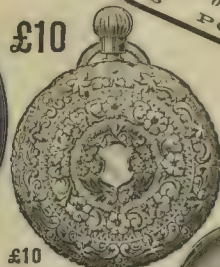
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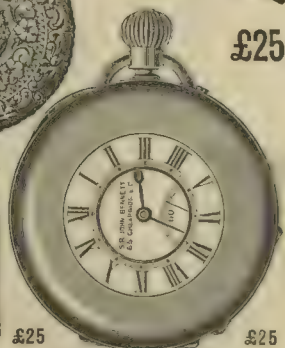
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employ. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her widowhood, or of one half thereof in the event of her again marrying, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 1, 1898) of Miss Justina Madeline Muchell, of The Hall, Penny Bridge, Lancaster, who died on May 7, has been proved by Robert Scott Moncrieff and the Rev. Charles Gale Townley, the executors, the value of the estate being £134,992. The testatrix gives an annuity of £300 to Mrs. Adelaide Lucy Campbell Walker for life, and then to her son Robert George Mowbray for his life; £1000 each to her god-daughters, Eva Magdalene Holme and Lucy Madeline Marton; £100 each to her executors; annuities of £40 each to Jane Gordon, Nora Dillon, and Susannah Satterly; £6000 odd, 2½ per cent. Bank Annuities to her cousins, Catherine Louisa Lucy Passy and Elizabeth Caroline Passy; £200, upon trust, for the augmentation of the stipend of the minister of the Episcopal Church at Penny Bridge; an annuity of £20 to Miss Jane Ormandy; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her cousin, Major Edward John Muchell.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1898) of Mr. Henry Chester, of Royston, Putney Hill, who died on Oct. 23, was proved on Dec. 10 by Henry Sandford and William James Adams,

the executors, the value of the estate being £83,952. The testator bequeaths his statutory, and such of his pictures and prints as they shall select, to the Haberdashers' Company; £500 to Caroline Harriet Adams; £200 each to his executors; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to the Master, Wardens and Court of Assistants of the Haberdashers' Company, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £400 to Caroline Harriet Adams; annuities of £50 each to his sisters Mary Elizabeth Knight and Julia Hettie Charles, to his sister-in-law, Rosa Caroline Adams, to his nieces Julia Margaret Charles, Emmeline Ann Miles, Mary Carpmael, Agnes Knight Carpmael, Julia Charles Carpmael, Ellen Carpmael, Jessie Sophia Godfrey, and Miss Coke, and to his servant Sarah Ann Dodson; £20 per annum for the keeping in repair of his grave and monument, and to retain five per cent. for the management of his property. They are to accumulate the remainder of the income thereof until such time as a hospital for general purposes, at Putney, to be raised by subscriptions or otherwise, shall be open for the reception of patients, when such income is to be used for the maintenance thereof; but if such hospital is not ready for the reception of patients in twenty-one years, and if the Charity Commissioners or any public body shall interfere with the administration of the funds, then the income is to be paid to Guy's Hospital.

The will (dated Sept. 14, 1888) of Colonel John Lewes, of Llanfair, Cardigan, who died on Sept. 11, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Mary Jane Lewes, the widow, the value of the estate being £36,181.

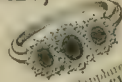
The will (dated Jan. 25, 1899) of Mrs. Catherine Gladstone, of Hlawarden Castle, Flint, who died on June 14 last, was proved in London on Dec. 14 by Mrs. Mary Drew, the daughter, and Henry Nevill Gladstone and Herbert John Gladstone, the sons, the executors, the value of the estate being £10,834. The testatrix gives £200 each to her grandchildren Constance, Evelyn, Catherine, and Edith Gladstone; £100 each to her grandchildren, Dorothy Drew and Katie, William, Christian, Edward, and Margaret Wickham; £850 to her daughter Helen; and her executors are to be at liberty to present tokens of remembrance, chosen by them from her effects, to her grandchildren, relatives, and others, and to make presents of money to her servants or dependents. Subject thereto, her furniture, pictures, plate, and jewels are to be divided between her children and her grandson, William Glynnne Charles Gladstone. The residue of her property she leaves as to thirteen forty-fifths to her daughter Mrs. Agnes Wickham, seventeen forty-fifths to her daughter Mrs. Mary Drew, and fifteen forty-fifths to her daughter Helen.

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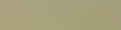
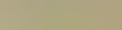
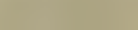
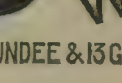
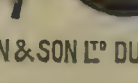
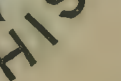
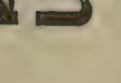
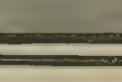
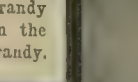
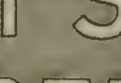
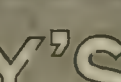
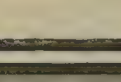
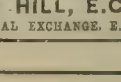
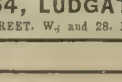
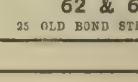
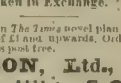
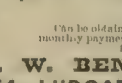
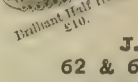
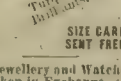
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society have appointed the Rev. Herbert Alfred Raynes, M.A., Vicar of St. Saviour's, Nottingham, to the post of Home Superintendent, which the Rev. H. B. Macartney resigned last June. Mr. Raynes graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in mathematical honours in 1885, and was presented to the living of Christ Church, Warley, Essex, in 1892. Since 1897 he has successfully organised a large parish in Nottingham. He will not take up his new work until after Easter.

Dr. Cheyne has delivered on the Tuesdays of this month a most valuable course of lectures at St. Martin's Vestry Hall on "The Christian Use of the Psalms." He advised the Anglican Church to abandon the use of the

Prayer-Book version of the Psalter, and to substitute the Revised Version. He also pleaded for less frequent repetition of the Psalms, and for more discretion in the choice of them. On this last point many Churchmen will agree with Dr. Cheyne. Congregations are often wearied by having to stand for twenty minutes during the singing of several long Psalms, the language of which is remote from the thoughts and feelings of the modern worshipper.

The Dean of Westminster has quite recovered from his recent indisposition, and has not been obliged to leave London this winter. His health has benefited by the clear, bright weather and complete absence of fogs. He is taking part every Sunday in the Abbey services.

The preacher at the special service at St. Paul's on New Year's Eve will be Dr. Mason, Lady Margaret Professor

of Divinity at Cambridge. On New Year's Day the Dean of Windsor will preach in the morning, and Canon Newbolt will give a short address at the four o'clock evensong.

One of the first clerical appointments to be filled in the New Year will be the living of St. Peter's, Cornhill. The Court of Common Council has decided that no applications for the vacant benefice can be received after Dec. 31, and that no personal canvassing will be permitted.

Dr. Ingram, the Dean of Peterborough, who has been suffering from the effects of a paralytic seizure, is now making satisfactory progress.

Canon Hay Aitken has been formally installed at Norwich Cathedral. He will preach the ordination sermon on St. Thomas's Day, and will also take part in the Cathedral service for the opening of the century.—V.

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CHLORODYNE—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant, Freeman, was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to—See the "Times," July 12, 1894.

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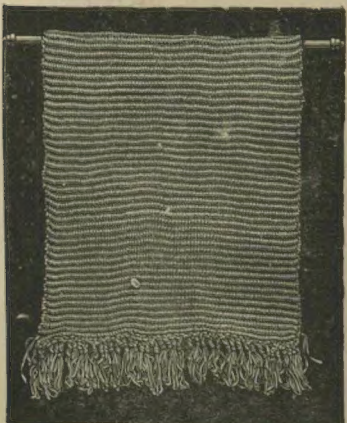
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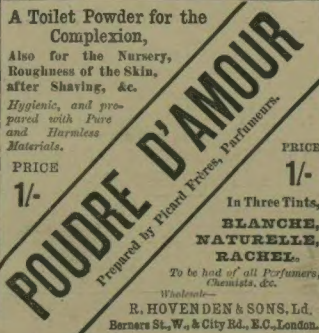
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